THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXV No 49—E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd, 1926.

Historical Society

FOR SALE—Chevrolet Touring Car in first class condition. E. L. BEDORE. 25

FOR SALE—Horse and single set of harness. Apply G. VINCENT, Carter, Napanee.

FOR RENT—Desirable frame house on Centre street, all conveniences. Apply to BLAKE HUYCK. 48-b

FOR SALE OR TO LET—Modern new home on Alma Ave. 4 rooms and bath, electric light, etc. Apply ARTHUR CLARK. 46

WILL EXCHANGE—An apartment building with two stores, in Hamilton. What have you? MACKAY ST. ELOI COURT, Hamilton.

FOR SALE OR RENT—A very commodious house and lot with all modern conveniences, situate in South Napanee. Apply to T. B. GERMAN. 41

FOR SALE—Two storey brick dwelling, modern conveniences, newly decorated, garage. Apply to D. M. WILSON, Shelter, Napanee, Ontario. 27-tf

FOR SALE OR TO LET—In Adolphustown, 200 acres more or less. Possession December 1st. Privilege to plow after this harvest. Apply U. M. WILSON, Napanee. 37

WANTED—Live agent in each locality to handle high class line of Wallpapers-Paperhangers or merchants. Liberal commission. Prompt commission. Box 622.

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Very commodious and up-to-date brick house and lot situate South Napanee, good barn, hen house, best of water, beautiful garden and attractive surroundings. Hard and soft water in kitchen also bath room. 3-5 of an acre of land. Apply to T. B. GERMAN. 25-tf

FRED J. RUSSELL
Dealer in HAY AND GRAIN
East Street, Napanee
'Phone 406

Surveying and Engineering
T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.
Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.
NAPANEE, ONT.
Phone 385. Box 139.
15tf

INSURANCE
For Fire Insurance try
ALFRED McCUTCHEON,
Roblin.
A number of companies to choose from.
Office:
Residence, Roblin, Main Street.
27-tf

DOXSEE & CO.
Millinery
A choice collection of exclusive new styles of Ladies' and Misses' Hats—Velvet, Felt, Satin and Combinations of Velvet and Metal Cloths, smartly trimmed in the latest vogue and shown in all the new autumn shades, with touches of fur.
See prices before buying.

HOSIERY
Special sale of Ladies' Silk Hose in all the newest shades.
Regular price $1.00.
Now on Sale 69c.

CORSETS AND CORSETTES
A Specialty
The Leading Millinery House

Clothes Tailored to Your Order
High in Quality
And Low in Price
Suits for Men and Young Men $23.75
Overcoats $19.75
W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE.

WANTED—Middle aged woman to attend invalid in town. Apply by letter to Box 622, care of Napanee Express. 49-a

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

FARM FOR SALE—Northern part of lots 24 and 25, third concession of Township of Richmond, containing 67 acres. This is an ideal farm for market gardening or dairying, only 1½ miles from town. Large brick house, good barn stabling and other necessary buildings all in good state of repair, known as Vandebogart farm. Apply to SHERIFF VANDERVOORT, Court House, or MRS. WM. VANDEBOGART, on farm. 45-tf

IDEAL HOME
FOR RETIRED FARMER
In Village of Bath, Ontario. New Brick Bungalow, full basement, new barn, eight acres, fronts on Bay of Quinte. Will sell below cost.
MRS. I. I. COGLON,
38--2-m Bath.

ESTABLISHED 1857
We wish to draw your attention to the fact that with our fast private wires into Winnipeg and Chicago pits, we are in a position to give you the best of service in
GRAIN FUTURES
When you want to buy or sell Grain Futures open an account with a grain firm who handles grain.
JAMES RICHARDSON & SONS, Limited
KINGSTON, ONT.
Telephones: 723, 724
Grain Receivers, Shippers and Exporters. Owners and Operators of Public and Private Terminals and Country Elevators.
MEMBERS
Winnipeg Grain Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade
Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce
Direct private wires to Winnipeg, Chicago and New York, and Branches from Coast to Coast.
Cable Correspondents throughout the World. 48-b

DOMINION ELECTIONS ACT

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF PRINCE EDWARD-LENNOX

SUMMARY OF RETURN OF CANDIDATE'S EXPENSES

There is below set out, as required by Section 79 (5) of the above Act, a summary signed by the official agent of the return of election expenses made to me by him on behalf of Henry Herbert Horsey, one of the candidates at the recent election held to elect to serve in the House of Commons of Canada, which said return is on file at my office and may, on payment of a fee of twenty cents, be there inspected and extracts taken therefrom at any reasonable time during six months next after the 26th day of October, 1926, being the day upon which the said return was furnished to me.

Dated at Napanee this 26th day of October, 1926.

W. G. WILSON,
Returning Officer for the Electoral District of Prince Edward-Lennox.

SUMMARY.
Election Expenses of Henry Herbert Horsey.

RECEIPTS

Contributions, etc., from H. H. Horsey	$3588 26
	3588 26

PAYMENTS

Candidates personal expenses	$ 450 00
Hire of premises	218 25
Services	1234 63
Travelling expenses	1409 05
Goods supplied	344 48
Advertising	1241 55
Exchange on 2 cheques	30
	$4038 26

Dated at Napanee this 26th day of October, 1926.

W. S. HERRINGTON,
Official Agent.

The Conservative convention for Prince Edward, Held in Picton on Saturday to select a candidate for the coming elections, tendered the nomination to Horace S. Colliver, former M.L.A. Mr. Colliver, in his address, expressed his undivided support of the policy of his leader, Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, as recently outlined in his speeches at Kemptville and Belleville.

SEEDLESS, CORELESS APPLE DISCOVERED IN QUEBEC ORCHARD

Ottawa, Oct. 29.—A seedless apple tree, worth thousands of dollars, perhaps millions, to the fruit growers of Canada, is said to be bearing fruit this year at Abbotsford, Quebec, which is not far from Montreal. The mystery apple—no one knows where it originated—is elongated like a sheep's nose, and has the flavor of an Ontario Snow or Fameuse. It is growing on the farm of Arthur Buzzell at Abbotsford, who is not broadcasting particulars concerning the performance of the tree, fearing that it would be stripped by raiders anxious to secure cuttings from it.

The apple has neither core nor seeds, and was propagated exactly like the seedless orange, by grafting or budding, like any other pure apple. Mr. Buzzell got the tree from a nursery along with a consignment he had purchased, and all efforts to trace its origin have failed. The tree bore fruit two years after it was set out, last year. If the species can be developed, fruit experts declare, Mr. Buzzell's fortune will be made. Cases are on record of single trees being worth $100,000.

When the discovery was first made, the apples were not gathered, and it was impossible to locate the tree or branch of the tree from which they came. Recently the last few days the tree has been definitely located.

The seedless orange meant millions of dollars to the United States. The seedless apple, experts say, once developed, will mean just as much to Canada.

WILTON.

The farmers are not easily discouraged, or there would never be a furrow made this fall. When you look out in the morning you will see the teams wending their way to the different lots for a day's work, and long before the day is ended, they are glad to take shelter in their stables.

Jack Frost got after the root crop in great shape in this part of the country, and bushels of potatoes could yet be dug.

The people of this vicinity are very much grieved over the news of the illness of Mr. Diamond Babcock, Harrowsmith, a former resident of this place. She is in Kingston General Hospital. We hope for a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Charity Davidson, an aged lady of this village, is ill. She is being cared for by her son, Carter, and kind neighbours.

Mrs. Ben Mills, who has been ill for a number of months, is gradually getting weaker. There seems to be much sickness from the effect of the wet weather.

Miss Mildred Anglin, popular school teacher, was suddenly called to her home in Belleville, to be at the bedside of her mother who is seriously ill.

Mr. Howard Marshall and family, of Kingston, spent Sunday afternoon last with B. Storms.

Mrs. Helen Metzler, Toronto, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. Asselstine.

Mr. Graham has moved into K. N. Storms' house, Main street.

The United Church are making their usual preparations for the annual bazaar.

The bridge builders are having a hard time, the weather being so unfavorable, but they work every day.

CAMDEN EAST.

The heavy rains have hindered the potato digging.

Mr. G. E. Robinson, Toronto, has sold out his dentist practice here to Dr. W. Glover, Kingston.

An entertainment demonstration was held at Clarence Boulton's home on Wednesday evening of last week.

Miss Jean Riley is spending a short time with her sister, Marion, at Ottawa.

Miss Lillian Alkenbrack has returned home after spending several weeks with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Patterson, at Hamilton.

Mrs. Kenneth Amey and Leroy were recent visitors with her parents at Bicknell's Corners.

R. W. Longmore, C. Skinner, Harry Saul and W. Gehan motored to Belleville on Friday last for apples.

The annual A.Y.P.A. service was held in St. Luke's church on Friday evening last. Rev. Mr. Savary, Kingston, was present for the occasion. After the service a social time was spent in the parish hall.

R. W. Saul has returned from Tweed, where he has been engaged at masonry work.

A few took in the show "Maggie, Jiggs and Dinty," in Kingston Garnet Jeffrey has moved to the village.

Mrs. Moore is visiting her sister, Mrs. Myrtle Switzgus, Camden East.

Mrs. Joyner has gone to Kingston to her daughter, Mrs. J. Bell, who is ill.

John McGarvey, Port Colborne, spent the week-end at his home here and was accompanied back to Port Colborne by Mrs. McGarvey, to spend the winter there.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Hartman, Odessa, spent several days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Snider and other friends.

CALL VANLUVEN—92
For Domestic Buckwheat. It cuts your coal bill. It's the D. L. & W. special.
GET IT AT WALLACE'S

VOTE TO ABANDON CITY

The Liberal Convention held in Toronto on Wednesday, stood solidly behind W. E. N. Sinclair, provincial leader, in his emphatic pronouncement in support of the Ontario Temperance Act which embodies the will of the people expressed last two years ago. All good citizens who respect the laws of their country, expect leaders to show the same regard for those laws, and Mr. Sinclair's attitude must command him the confidence of the people everywhere, irrespective of their party affiliations.

The issue in the pending provincial election is not a political issue, but a moral one that stands out clear and distinct: Can a government flout the will of the people. Is it the duty of a government to enforce the will of the people enacted into law by the legislature?

The Ontario Temperance Act was law when the Ferguson government took office and the premier declared that he would enforce it. In October, 1924, he submitted it to the people in a plebiscite. They rejected his measure of government control and sustained the O.T.A., but in defiance of his duty, Premier Ferguson modified the O.T.A., and he once more proposes government control.

If the people want the O.T.A. enforced there is only one thing to do, namely, vote for candidates opposed to the Ferguson candidates and elect Mr. Sinclair who is pledged to abide by the laws and maintain and enforce the Ontario Temperance Act. With the exception of three ridings, Mr. Sinclair has the Liberal party behind him, and this is a guarantee that he will carry out his declarations if returned to power after the elections. There is no other alternative.

The prohibition forces and the friends of temperance have fought valiantly in the past for the curtailment and eradication of the liquor evil. Then years ago they saw their efforts crowned with success by the enactment of prohibition laws, an epoch-making event in the social and economic life of Canada. Shall they now permit reactionary forces to gain the ascendancy and destroy the fruit of their labors?

The people by rejecting government control gained the O.T.A. Has government control today an appeal that it did not have before? We have an answer in the words of Ex-Attorney General W. F. Nickle, K.C., who administered the O.T.A. during the Ferguson administration. He writes: "While Mr. Ferguson suggests will inevitably, if the people approve, lead to disaster in which I do not wish to share."

Mr. Nickle adds:

"If the electors will rise above party politics and seriously consider, as Mr. Ferguson has asked them to do, the present situation and what will result if the contemplated alterations are made effective, I have no doubt as to the result."

AT VANLUVEN'S
You can get 2 tons of D. L. & W. hard coal, good clean coal, for $27.00.

YARKER.

A lot of potatoes have yet to be dug. A few fine days will be one of activity with the farmers, to clean up corn, buckwheat and potatoes. The cool weather will prevent rot and save many potatoes.

Tracy Smith had his hand caught in a cog wheel, smashing one of his fingers.

William Huffman left his gun in his boat and in pulling the boat on shore the gun fell, striking the trigger, when it went off, the shot hitting William in the leg.

Congratulations are extended to Blake Allen; a son was left by the stork.

William Allen, Moscow, has bought the residence of William Dunn and will retire from farming.

Walter Cummings, Gananoque, a former resident of Yarker, spent a few hours here calling on his friends.

Allen Silver is now a married man and has taken up farming in the north of Addington.

Rev. Mr. Anderson, Standard Church, has taken up his residence in Violet and will hold services here on Sunday at 2.30 p.m.

Evangelist H. C. Brown will hold meetings in Yarker, starting on Nov. 14th, for two weeks and longer if necessary.

The United Church has reorganized under the leadership of George Wolfhouse; assistant leader Fred Lovelace; organist Mrs. Clara Hartman. The members of the choir are: Marion Freeman, Mrs. Clinton Smith, Pearl and Alice Silver, Mary Wallace, P. Buck, Vivian Woodhouse, Mrs. George Wolfhouse, Winnifred Holland, Howard Stover, Mrs. C. Buck, Mrs. F. Lovelace, Mrs. Milton Shangraw, Mrs. George Mc-Pharland and Miss M. Godkin.

Dr. Montgomery, Smith's Falls, has taken over the practice of Dr. Allchurch, who leaves for New York for a post graduate course.

Mrs. A. H. Montgomery has returned from Sydenham.

Geo. Curl, Yarker's auto dealer, has had a very successful year and has sold many cars, both old and new.

Alfred Martin is again in the apple business.

The strong temperance Conservatives are anxious for an O. T. A. candidate to run either as Conservative or U.F.O.

For the Shooting Season.
Rifles, shot guns, loaded shells and cartridges.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

CHAMPIONS LOSE OPENER

ST. MARY'S BEATS GRACE.

The opening game of the Inter-church Softball League was played in the Armouries last Tuesday before a large and enthusiastic crowd. Opening to several players from both teams having left town, several new faces were seen in the lineups. On paper, Grace had far the stronger team, and were expected to win easily, but their battery, which at the end of the season last year was second to none, was badly in need of practice, and was far behind the well-known Johnston and Grass combination of St. Mary's. Not only was the battery more effective, but the new infield that St. Mary's produced was noticeably superior to that of Grace, of course, under able coaching, will improve very much and it is likely that when these two meet again that the game will be closer.

The players:

Grace—Marion Douglas, H. Walker, M. Stinson, Margaret Douglas, Miss Wood, Dorothy Lucas, M. Thompson, T. Hambly, G. Hall, H. Harrigan.

St. Mary's—Johnston, L. Fraser, F. Wright, M. Embury, M. Grass, D. Hagen, I. Embury, D. Grass, D. Johnston, J. Clarke.

Grace..... 0 0 0 0 1 2—3
St. Mary's..... 6 9 6 9 0 2 x—32

On Friday the Leafs will play out their first town game, probably the Belleville High School team, (now called the Ontarios); who won the Bay of Quinte League this year. The Leafs have won all their games lately and should be able to give the champions their first setback.

The next inter-church fixture will be played on Tuesday, November 9th, and likely a double-header will be scheduled, with all four teams in action. These two events should each attract large crowds.

TAMWORTH.

The death occurred at Kingston General Hospital, Tuesday, Oct. 26th, of Henry Piper, of Tamworth. The funeral took place from Christ Church here Thursday morning, with Rev. Mr. Wilson officiating.

J. A. Hunter, Kingston, was in Tamworth Tuesday and Wednesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wheeler, Watertown, N.Y., and Capt. and Mrs. Amey, Moscow, were visiting friends here last week.

The funeral of the late Thomas Martin, who died here on Friday, Oct. 22nd, took place from the United Church on Saturday afternoon last, with Rev. Mr. Thornlee officiating.

Hunters are very busy making preparations for the hunting trips to the back country.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Adam Matthews, who died in the hospital at Smith's Falls, took place here Thursday afternoon at two o'clock, with Rev. Mr. Thornlee officiating.

CROYDON.

The Women's Institute gave a Hallowe'en social in the Community hall, on Friday evening last. A splendid programme was given and refreshments served; proceeds $22.50.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Newman and daughter, Miss Freda, Picton, and John Warrington, Niagara, N.Y., spent Sunday with H. King and family last, and Mr. Warrington remained for a few days.

Alexander Hart is on the sick list.

Misses Roseland and Mary Haze and Alexander Wright were at Picton Collegiate Sunday last.

Lester Haggerty was at Stewart Close's on Sunday evening last.

Miss Helen Amey spent last week-end at her home near Moscow.

Mrs. King's many friends are pleased to see her able to be around again.

Miss Margaret Close spent last week-end with Messrs. Edward and Herbert Close, Tamworth.

The farmers around here cannot get their potatoes dug owing to so much wet weather.

ROBLIN.

The farmers in this vicinity report a good crop of potatoes.

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Oliver, of Empey Hill, spent Sunday last with her mother, Mrs. Annie Kimmett.

Mr. W. G. Pringle, of Wesplain, is in Kingston General Hospital for treatment.

Miss Isabel Paul, who underwent an operation for appendicitis, is doing nicely.

While riding in the back seat of a car on Saturday morning, Mr. D. Lasher received a severe injury in his back, which will keep him in bed for about two weeks. Mrs. Lasher is also ill with la grippe. Dr. O'Connor is in attendance.

Rev. and Mrs. Blanchard and Mr. Peter Hart were in Kingston on Sunday.

Rev. C. J. Wilson delivered a stirring temperance address on Sunday evening.

Mrs. Lizzie Best took tea on Sunday evening at the home of Mr. D. Lasher.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. VanAlstyne, of Napanee, spent Sunday under the parental roof.

Rev. J. B. Butler, former pastor, and one much beloved by all who knew him, will conduct Anniversary Services in Roblin United Church on Sunday next. On Monday evening an old time tea meeting and concert will be held in the Orange Hall.

AT VANLUVEN'S
You can get 2 tons of fuel, clean and smokeless, equal to 2 tons of hard coal, for $23.50. Call 92.

MAYOR MING TO RUN IN FRONTENAC-LENNOX

Vigorously denying rumors of his retirement from the contest in Frontenac-Lennox riding, Mayor Ming, of Napanee, the official Liberal candidate, definitely declared that he was in the field to stay until the last vote is polled.

In order to make his position absolutely clear and to leave no possible misunderstanding as to where he stands, Mayor Ming pledges his whole hearted support of the Liberal platform, adding that he stood firmly for the maintenance and enforcement of the Ontario Temperance Act, as endorsed by the will of the people, and as long as the people, by plebiscite or referendum demand that it be maintained and enforced. The will of the people must prevail, he affirms.

Mayor Ming feels that the present occasion affords an opportunity for all true temperance people, regardless of party affiliation, to rally to his support and by their influence and votes to elect him their representative on December first.

WILL SUPPORT DRY CANDIDATE

PROHIBITION UNION OF FRONTENAC-LENNOX PASSES A STRONG RESOLUTION

The Prohibition Union of Frontenac-Lennox, at their meeting at Odessa on Tuesday afternoon, unanimously passed the following resolution:

"We the executive of the Lennox-Frontenac Prohibition Union desire to affirm our stand on prohibition and the O.T.A., as set forth in a letter addressed to the secretaries of the various political organizations in the riding under date of May 25th, 1926, and we hold it to suit the present situation.

"We desire to call your attention to the stand which we as a prohibition organization take, and the manner in which we propose to conduct ourselves during the next election. As you are aware, we are a non-party organization and our members represent all shades of political opinion. Our object is simply and solely to see that this province enjoys the total prohibition of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes. We believe that the O.T.A., though not perfect, is the best social legislation that the province has ever enjoyed, and we recall with pleasure that all parties in Ontario united in having it put on the statute books. It is our intention to do all in our power to the end that this law shall be maintained.

"The electors of this riding, whenever they have had the opportunity, have pronounced themselves as being opposed to any weakening of the O.T.A., and speaking for that large prohibition majority, we intend to use all our influence and power to see that only a member who pledges himself to vote against the present government sale proposals and for the O.T.A. shall represent this riding in the Ontario House."

(Signed) A. J. WILSON,
Secretary.

TOWN COUNCIL

The regular meeting of the Town Council was held in the Council Chamber on Monday night.

Members present—Councillors Dunbar, Fitzpatrick, Howitt, MacGregor, Roy.

Owing to the absence of the Mayor and Deputy-Reeve on such a short one, important business to come before the Board being held over until next meeting.

On motion Coun. Roy presided.

Chief Barrett applied for a two weeks' leave of absence. His request was granted.

A communication was received from the Kingston Health Association, asking an account of $138.00 for the care and maintenance of O. Irvin for a period of 92 days, at $1.50 per day.

Referred to the Finance Committee.

The following accounts were ordered paid:

ACCOUNTS

Geo. Greer	$ 35 00
Hugh Duncan	6 00
D. B. Wilson	87 74

The accounts of the Dominion Rubber Co., for fire hose, $240.00, and the Guith Percha Rubber Co., for $16.00, were referred.

COMING :- EVENTS

SHOOTING MATCH on farm of Mr. Frank Vanbokkelen, on Thanksgiving day, Nov. 8th.

SWASTIKA CLUB THANKSGIVING Dance, Masonic Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 5th, 1926.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES AND Tea Meeting at Centreville, Monday, Nov. 15th. Good programme and plenty to eat.

AN ARMISTICE DAY TEA WILL be given by the L.O.D.E., in the club rooms of "C" Company, Frontenac Regiment, in the Armouries. Particulars later.

ODDFELLOWS' DANCE—The third of the series of dancing and euchre parties, held under the auspices of Napanee Lodge No. 86, will take place in their rooms in the Hurshaw block, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 3rd.

ODDFELLOWS GATHER AT NAPANEE

A fairly large gathering of Oddfellows and Rebekahs from Napanee and surrounding district met in Grace United church on Friday evening to hear Mr. Guy S. Long, of Hamilton, Grand Master of Ontario, and Mr. Wm. Brooks, of Toronto, Grand Secretary.

Preceeding the evening meeting a most sumptuous banquet was held in the dining hall of Lodge No. 212, at 6 o'clock, which was in charge of the members of Queen of Sheba Lodge No. 254, Daughters of Rebekah.

Seated at the head table were the Grand Master, the Grand Secretary, Mr. U. M. Wilson, Past Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of Ontario, Mr. L. B. Switzer, D.D.G.M., of Napanee district, as well as the officers of the several local branches of the Order.

After full justice had been done to the many good things provided by the ladies the assemblage repaired to Grace United church, where they were joined by a large gathering in waiting. The meeting was presided over by Mr. U. M. Wilson, N.G.P., of Napanee, who made a most capable officer.

In his opening address the chairman expressed his pleasure at having the Grand Master and Grand Secretary present and extended a hearty welcome to all the members.

Seated on the platform in addition to the Grand Master and Grand Secretary were Mrs. Grand Master Cooper, of Belleville, Past Grand Master Tully, of Alberta, Past Grand Patriarch Ketcheson, Belleville, Past District Deputy Grand Master, Rev. W. R. Tanton and Mr. L. B. Switzer, D.D.G.M., of this district.

As a prelude to the addresses, an organ solo was given by the choirmaster of Grace Church, Mrs. B. M. Black.

Grand Master G. O. Luke was accorded a hearty reception upon rising to speak and in his opening remarks said that he and the Grand Secretary were on a tour of Dominion visitation, the purpose of these meetings was to meet the brethren in the many districts and to inspire Oddfellowship in the brethren. The Oddfellowship, The I.O.O.F. society is a great and grand order. Under the Sovereign Grand Master there are today 1,938 subordinate lodges, 10372 Rebekah lodges and over 3,642 Encampments, in fact the I.O.O.F. is the largest beneficial fraternal society in North America. The speaker stated that the finest men in the town were working for Oddfellowship.

The speaker then gave a number of illustrations of the wonderful work which the several branches of the order are doing.

Mr. Luke referred to the lodge deputy and stated that the question would come up at the next Grand Lodge session as to the increase of fees. The lodges could not prosper unless something was done in this regard in the near future.

The Grand Master was given an ovation at the close of his masterly address.

Bro. Brooks, the Grand Secretary, then gave a very clear and concise address on the work appertaining to the duties of his office. The visit of this distinguished brethren will undoubtedly be productive of much good in this district. The meeting was then brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

ENTERPRISE.

The pork and bean supper and bazaar which was held under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the United Church on Oct. 18th was a success in spite of the inclement weather. A large crowd was present, and a good sum was realized.

The convention which was held on Tuesday last in the United Church, was well attended from other places, and many able speakers were present, and the addresses were much enjoyed by all.

A variety shower was given at the United Church manse, Wednesday evening, in honor of Miss Muriel Loucks, Mrs. Cyrus Knowlton. Many beautiful presents were received.

About forty friends and neighbors of Rev. Mr. Chatson gathered at their home on Thursday evening last and gave them a shower of fruit, vegetables and other things.

Miss Muriel Loucks is spending a few days with Rev. Mrs. Bunt, who had the misfortune to fall and hurt her knee, and she is unable to get around.

Dr. Horton has moved into his new home which he bought from Willie Wagar.

Mrs. Albert Raymond has returned home after spending three weeks with her son, Bert Raymond, Toronto.

Mrs. Reub Clancy had the misfortune to fall down cellar on Monday last. We are glad to say he has not broken any bones and is but shaking up.

NICKLE IS CONFIDENT OF VICTORY FOR DRYS

Ottawa, Oct. 29.—"If the electors of Ontario will rise above party politics and seriously consider the effect of the Ferguson liquor policy, there is no doubt of its defeat," writes W. F. Nickle, of Kingston, who resigned the portfolio of Attorney-General of the Province on this issue.

Mr. Ferguson's policy, if approved, will "lead to disaster in which I did not care to share," Mr. Nickle declared in a letter to J. Moffatt Ross, of the city, replying to a note from Mr. Ross conveying appreciation of his action.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

THE FALL OF JERICHO.

Sunday, Nov. 7.—Joshua 6 : 12-20.

Golden Text—This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith (I. John 5 : 4).

There is in the entire Bible no more amazing incident of conquest by faith than the fall of Jericho. It is picturesque, dramatic, tragic—and unbelievable, if we leave God out. But why leave God out? We never need to and we never ought to, but it is to be feared we often do, and then our Jerichos do not fall before us as they should. For Israel's victory over Jericho was the sort of complete and humanly unbelievable victory God wanis His children to have as their habitual experience.

Joshua, as we have already seen, is the same name as Jesus; made up of the same letters, it means Jehovah-Saviour. As one of the outstanding Old Testament types of Christ, Joshua lived and fought and won by faith, even as the man Christ Jesus did in the days of His flesh. Christ lived the faith life, and Joshua lived the faith life. God asks every one of us to live the faith life.

Striking and supernatural things have occurred in Israel's experience since our lesson of Oct. 24, when Joshua was given his commission as Israel's new leader. He was told to live in the Word of God day and night (Josh. 1 : 8), for that is the only way our faith can be fed. He was told he need never be afraid if he did this. Faith and fearlessness go together. Joshua accepted his commission, took immediate command of the people, sent spies ahead to view the land as far as Jericho, and received their report that victory over the Canaanites was sure, for even all the inhabitants of the country do faint because of us" (Josh. 2 : 24).

Then came the first miracle under Joshua's leadership. Following the Ark of the Covenant, a perfect type of Christ, all the people "passed clean over the Jordan," as God cut off the waters and the people made a memorial entry into the land of promise.

God was preparing the way, for when the Kings of the Amorites and of the Canaanites "heard that the Lord had dried up the waters of Jordan from before the children of Israel.....their heart melted, neither was there spirit in them any more, because of the children of Israel" (5 : 1).

Israel began eating the corn of the land; and the very next day the manna ceased, and there was no longer need of wilderness food.

The time had come for the second great miracle, and the first great conquest. Jericho was a mighty walled city, ruled by a King and defended by "valiant men of valor." In it too much to say that God told Joshua and the Israelites to make fools of themselves before these mighty men and their king? For God directed that the Israelites should simply march around the walls of Jericho once a day for six days, and on the seventh day they should march around the walls seven times, give a great shout, and the walls would fall down!

But Israel obeyed to the letter, and God kept His word to the letter. He always does, slow though we are to believe Him.

The procession of Israelites included their armed men of war and also their priests bearing the ark of the Lord. It was a strange, mysterious spectacle that the people of Jericho watched from within the city walls. The strangeness, the silence, the utterly baffling character of this campaign must have struck terror to the heathen city. They could not tell what was going to happen, but they had heard that God was with these strange foreigners, and they were afraid, as they well might be.

Only one family in that entire city was free from fear. It was the family of Rahab, whose house was on the wall. She had not only befriended the two spies whom Joshua had sent ahead, but she had expressed her personal faith in the Lord, saying, "The Lord your God, He is God in heaven above, and in earth beneath" (2 : 11). She asked for deliverance and protection for herself and her whole family, and this had been promised. A scarlet line was fastened in her window, color and type of the blood of Christ, our only safety. And when God struck, in destruction of the unbelieving city, Rahab and her family were saved and all her possessions. No one has ever yet trusted God and been disappointed. "He is not a disappointment."

It was a great epoch-making object lesson, at the very beginning of Israel's experiences in the promised land, of victory by faith, such victory as God promised His people continually and invariably if only they would live by faith in Him. And faith, let us remember, always includes obenience; it is impossible to trust God fully and disobey Him at the same time.

Moreover, it was an object lesson of the truth that God's ways are not our ways. "The central truth here is that spiritual victories are won by means and upon principles utterly foolish and inadequate in the view of human wisdom (I. Cor. 1 : 17-29; II. Cor. 10 : 3-5).

Joshua, evidently acting under inspiration, pronounced a strange curse on the ruins of the city; "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho : he shall lay the foundation thereof in his firstborn, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it" (6: 26). More than five centuries later Jericho was rebuilt, and in its rebuilding Joshua's curse was fulfilled to the letter (I. Kings, 16 : 34).

"Dad certainly was pleased!"

"As soon as Dad read my last letter, with the news of my appointment in it, he jumped for the telephone.

"I felt like a million dollars when I heard his voice, and if I can live up to the things he said to me, I'll go a long way."

There are many inspiring moments when Long Distance is the only adequate vehicle for our emotions. As in the case above, the proper word at the right moment has a great appeal. Let Long Distance speed your message of inspiration when it will be most appreciated.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
143

Use Cash Discount Bonds And Save Money

On every cash purchase we give you Cash Discount Bonds—one cent bond on every 25c. you spend.

Your cash purchases entitle you to this discount, so take advantage of the opportunity to save money.

All you have to do is accept the Bonds due on your purchases and then spend them here the same as money.

THE GRAHAM CO'Y.,
MEN'S WEAR
NAPANEE -- ONTARIO

ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SHOP
HARRY SCOTT, Proprietor.
Everything Neat and Sanitary
Best of Service Guaranteed.
GIVE US A TRIAL

J. B. WILLOUGHBY, M.D., C.M.
Corner Dundas and Robinson Streets.
Office Hours :—2 p.m. to 5 p.m., 7 p.m. to 8 p.m.
Phone 307. 32-1y

Dr. S. R. McCready, B.Sc.
Physician and Surgeon.
X-Ray & Electricity
170½ Front St. Belleville
Opposite City Hall
Phone 1200

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
OFFICE—Centre Street. PHONE 61

T. M. GALBRAITH
B. A., M. D., C. M.
Cor. Dundas and West Streets
Specialty—Diseases of Children.
Office hours—Until 9 a.m. 1 p.m. till 3 p.m. 7 till 9 p.m.
Telephone—278.

UNDERSTAND YOUR INSURANCE POLICY

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive Engineering, Chicago, Ill.)

In big type, on your automobile insurance policy, is printed the advice, READ YOUR POLICY. That you do not read it nor try to understand the legal verbiage—then do the wrong thing when an accident occurs, most certainly justifies the company insisting on their policy to disclaim responsibility when you break the terms of your contract. I'll illustrate: Just one divine day in the street and your attention is attracted by something at the curb. In looking away for an instant you ram the car ahead or bump a pedestrian. The polite thing to do is, of course, get out and apologize to the injured party, but if you do that little thing and he comes back with a damage suit, why your insurance company will not stand behind you for you have violated a term in your contract which says you must accept no liability for any accident. In apologizing you admitted that you were in the wrong.

Insurance is what I mean by understanding your insurance policy, and the foregoing illustration is only one of the many things that you can do to void a policy.

Few motorists know that their insurance policy will cover them for sustained by members of their own families, suffered while the insured was driving the car.

When buying, always make positive whether it reads "insure" or "indemnify," for there is a whale of a difference in these two words. In a liability policy the company agrees to insure or indemnify you against loss by reason of the liability imposed on you for bodily injury or death of a person or persons, all of which means that the company agrees to reimburse you after judgment has been taken and the money collected from you. But a few companies will not pay after judgment and if you can't pay, they will refuse to settle on the grounds that you have yet to sustain a loss. And that means that the judgment hangs over your head ready to be levied on any future property you may acquire.

Your only protection is to read and reread your policy until you know every clause by heart, and what is much more important, understand all the high-falutin' legal verbiage with which particular meaning is disguised.

Better still ,visit a friend who has had his automobile insurance put to the test. Absorb his grief, then go home a figure out just what would happen to you in a similar accident, should you be familiar with the terms of your policy.

TITLE TATTLE.

Most of Us Have Not Even the Right to Be Called "Mr."

Perhaps you received two letters this morning and one of your correspondents addressed you as "Mr." and the other as "Esq." Later on, possibly, someone respectfully said "sir" to you. But in all probability you have no real right to any of these three modes of address. If you are an employe you should not be called "Mr.," for that is an abbreviation of "master."

And to be called "sir" correctly you must be considerably older than the person who addresses you, for "sir," with its French equivalent of "monsieur," means "senior" in age, and is a term of respect. And "Esq." —well, if you serve a knight and carry his shield for him, that is all right. But not otherwise.

Are you a "gentleman"? Yes, in one sense you hope you are, but in another—the legal sense—you are probably not. A "gentleman" is one who has the right to bear a coat of arms, or is himself a freeman, or whose ancestors have been freemen.

If the old rule as to higher titles still obtained, then all dukes (the name comes from "leader") would have to lead in battle, and all marquises would have to guard the "Marches" — the boundaries — between England and Scotland or England and Wales. All earls—the name comes from "Jarl," Icelandic for a strong man or hero—would have to guard the shores from foreign invasions. The title carried the duty.

Titles, big and little, have to-day lost all their original significance. Even "madam," our corruption of the French "madame" (my lady), should really only be used when addressing the wives of "legal" gentlemen, proper esquires, or those possessing in their own right a "goodly demesne"—a large house and lands.

FRANCIS DRAKE'S BIRTHPLACE.

Movement Is on Foot to Save This Historic Cottage.

In an orchard on the Bere Alston road near Tavistock stands the ruins of a cottage, half-hidden by ivy and undergrowth, and now used as a rubbish shoot for the adjoining farmhouse, which should be one of England's proudest shrines.

For here in 1540 was born Francis Drake, greatest of the sea dogs of Devon, the first Englishman to circumnavigate the globe, and the destroyer of the mighty Spanish Armada.

At last a movement is on foot to save this historic cottage on Crowndale Farm from utter destruction.

When the property was bought by the present occupier, Mr. R. Toop, from the Duke of Bedford, in 1912, Drake's birthplace was little more than a heap of ruins, without door or tablet to mark it. One fairly welldefined room, together with a square tower, is about all that now remains.

It is obvious that the original dwelling must have been quite unpretentious. Drake's parents, indeed, were poor country folk, and, it is believed, were allowed to live rent free in the cottage by the Duke of Bedford of that day.

Plymouth people are never tired of boasting of Drake's association with their town, which he served both as mayor and warden of the parish church, but the only pilgrims to the little ruin at Crowndale are occasional Americans.

One of the most recent was Col. Drake, a descendant of Sir Francis, who came all the way from Virginia to pay homage at the birthplace of his illustrious ancestor.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.
ROBT. LIGHT. 46tf

Two Gentlemen

By JOHN PALMER

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Joe may be black," said Colonel Lamont, "but he's a gentleman through and through. The only decent, hard-working man around here."

"If all the colored people were like Joe and Aunt Mary, there'd be no problem of the negro in this country," said the colonel's lady.

Joe Lamont—his father had taken his master's name after emancipation—had purchased his ten acres, which had once formed part of the estate. Aunt Mary worked as cook for the Lamonts. Steal? Of course; only she didn't think of it in that way, and there were hungry mouths to be fed in Joe's cabin.

Everybody liked Joe, except young Rountree. Rountree's father had been a wholesale grocer in the town and made a pile of money—"heaven knows how," said the colonel. "I didn't know there was any money in those parts since the war." (By that he meant the Civil war.) And young Rountree had bought the old Cleaver estate, and had built a local pool about cotton and squeezed the district dry.

Joe hated him for that, and because Joe sniggered when young Rountree tried to make his horse cut capers before Cicely, the colonel's daughter, and tumbled off, Rountree, white with passion, flicked Joe over the shoulder with his whip.

That showed bad blood and made bad blood. Nobody strikes a darkened man; nobody had ever struck Joe before. Joe just stood still. Rountree apologized afterward. But Cicely couldn't bear it.

That was months before. Colonel Lamont was now one of the pool. Rountree admitted that he had broken it, but pleaded—Oh, something or other. Anyway, it looked as if the Lamont place was going the way of the Cleaver place.

Young Rountree came riding oftener than before. Generally when he left Cicely was in tears. There were anxious consultations in the Lamont cabin.

"Dat white trash is a-holding a pistol to the master's head," said Joe. "Ef he don't marry Miss Cicely, he's a-goin' to sell him up."

"Shore, you off your head, nigger," exclaimed Aunt Mary. "De Lamonts has set dere sence God made Carolina, and I guess dey'll set dere till judgment day."

Up in the big house young Rountree faced Colonel Lamont.

"Your inference is unwarranted, sir," he sneered. "I am exercising my right if I call in your mortgage. I am not threatening you, as you suggest. I merely stated that, were I your son-in-law, I should, of course, view the matter from another angle."

"I'd rather be bundled into the poorhouse, and so would my wife, than sell our child!" thundered the colonel.

Young Rountree rode away in hot rage. But Cicely, walking under the maples with Harry Beechcroft, her chum since schooldays, did not even glance up at him as he galloped by. A black shadow seemed to have passed out of her life.

The Lamont place was for sale. The family had a month's grace, but that did not prevent the old house and estate from passing under the hammer. The bidder was Jim Bryce, a local real estate man. He winked portentously when he was asked whom he was acting for.

"A southern gentleman," was all he would vouchsafe. "I guess we'll still have the right sort of people in the place."

"How can dey be right sort of people ef dey ain't Lamonts?" asked Aunt Mary indignantly. "What you talkin' at, nigger?"

The purchaser had approached the colonel through Jim Bryce, asking if he would stay on three months. The colonel declined. «He wouldn't be beholden to any one. "Unless it was black Joe," he said, after a pause. And old Joe seemed nearer to the colonel in those days than anyone else.

One day Joe stood before the colonel, hat in hand. "You see, it's dis way, master," he said. "I can't read dis piece of paper, but mebbe you'd tell me what it says, master."

"Why, you've been buying property, Joe. I didn't know you had money!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Well, you see, master, it's dis way. We've saved mighty hard all our lives, and so did my old father, and den when dis cotton pool comed along, I see, 'Ef dat crook of a Rountree's plannin' to swindle master, why, I'll be on de right side, and if master wins, why my money don't count, and so—"

"Joe!" The colonel clutched his shoulder. "You have bought the Lamont place?"

"Well, master, it shore had to stay with de Lamonts, black or white, somehow, don't it? An' so I thought, sence the old master made my old man free, mebbe you'd take it because my money's yours, and that's Miss Cicely —or mebbe you'd let me take up that there mortgage—why, master, that ain't nothing to look so queer about!"

Criticism Apparently Justified.

Johnny had been promised a baby sister. He anticipated her arrival in great glee and decided to name her Dorothy.

Then one morning he was presented with a brother.

"Gee!" he exclaimed in disgust. "That stork needs spectacles!"

Delegates From Foreign Countries.

Sixteen foreign countries have already accepted the invitations to send delegates to the World's Poultry Congress, to be held at Ottawa next summer. The United States has agreed to send 1,000 automobiles to take part in the tour which is being arranged from United States border points to Ottawa, and the American Poultry Association will arrange an exhibit of a trio of each of the 108 standard varieties of fowl. Arrangements have also been made to take a number of the foreign delegates on a tour of Canada from coast to coast.

Here and There

Portage La Prairie, Manitoba.—Ten carloads of flour have been shipped to Salonika, Greece. The flour is made from Manitoba Number 1 Hard wheat and labeled as such. This large order is thought by the milling interests to represent the opening up of a new, valuable trade channel.

Saskatoon. — The colonization boards of the province, operated under the C.P.R. Department of Colonization, are doing a splendid work in colonizing the province along right lines, according to Mayor Potter, of Saskatoon, and other speakers, at the second annual meeting of representatives of these boards.

While the gypsy has been a familiar figure in fiction for at least a century, the novelist has usually taken for his characters the wild Romany types. But there is a modern type who has adopted himself to city life. It is this type that John Murray Gibbon, Dean of Publicity of the C.P.R., has chosen for the leading character in his new novel, "Eyes of a Gypsy."

Toronto. — The Ontario Government is spending $1,000,000 during the present fiscal year to assist hydro-electric power available to the farmers of the province. This follows the plan begun by the Drury Government, of paying one-half cost of primary line construction, and later extended by the Ferguson Government to secondary line work as well.

One hundred young men from the British Isles will take up their studies of Canadian farming at the Agricultural College at Olds, Alberta, soon. Seven of these prospective Canadian farmers arrived in Canada on the Canadian Pacific liner "Montcalm" recently, being brought out under the Hoadley Immigration scheme, which is being carried out in conjunction with the Empire Settlement Board.

Toronto. — Ontario cattle scored signally at the National Dairy Exposition in Detroit last week with a prize winner in each of the first four Holstein breeds. This is a better record than that of any other part of the continent. The prize winners were: Leroy Siddall and J. F. Gibbons, of Denfield, T. O. Dolson, of Brampton, and Haley and Lee, of Springford. A number of lesser prizes also went to Canadian breeders.

"Anyone who has other than an unbounded faith in the future of Canada, must be either without eyes or mind," declared Sir George McLaren Brown, European general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who returned to the Company's headquarters in Montreal recently after an extended tour of the Western Provinces. Sir George was greatly impressed with the growth of the city of Vancouver, where he visited after an absence of 15 years.

The first annual meeting of the Canadian Boards of Trade was held at Saint John, N.B., October 18th. Over 150 representatives from the civic administrative bodies of every Canadian city gathered at the Windsor Street Station in Montreal, where they entrained and proceeded over the Canadian Pacific lines to Saint John. Matters of vital interest to civic administration were discussed at the three-day convention.

Control of the fish and game industry in the State of Ohio is being sought by a commission composed of five experts on game conservation. This industry is at present in the hands of the Department of Agriculture. The proposal will be placed before the government by the game and fish leagues in Ohio, the belief being that the existence of such a commission would be in accordance with the growing importance of the fish and game industry in that state.

Why Redhead Ducks Decrease.

At some of the shooting grounds on Lake Erie sportsmen feed the waters constantly during the shooting season, attracting many redheads. The birds usually come in in a flock, and are allowed to alight and dive. Usually all go under when there is plenty of feed, then come up individually, with a mouthful. The hunter, generally more than one, now have their opportunity, and can spot them one at a time. Usually none escapes.

Ontario's Educational Program.

Working in conjunction with the railways, the Ontario Government shortly will inaugurate a novel as well as practical feature in connection with the Province's educational program. Railway cars will be used as class-rooms along the railway lines of the sparsely settled sections of Northern Ontario. They will be fully equipped with the most modern equipment and will provide accommodation for a teacher.

A Pound of Silk.

It is estimated that a single pound of silk is the product of 2,500 silkworms.

Tuesday an Unlucky Day.

Tuesday is considered an unlucky day for weddings in Spain.

AT VANLUVEN'S
You can get 2 tons of D. L. & W. hard coal—good clean coal—for $27.00.

OUTLAW OF THE AIR

Thrilling Duels With the King of Birds.

A few days ago it was stated that an eagle had attacked a child near Ailos, Scotland, and was only driven off with considerable difficulty. I am a little doubtful about this, for the British golden eagle is usually a coward, and will seldom approach a human being, writes Oliver G. Pike, F.Z.S., in an Old Country paper.

But airplane pilots flying in Southern Europe have recently had thrilling encounters with these birds. One Greek seaplane was so badly damaged that it crashed into the sea, killing the pilot. Another pilot stated on his return from a London to Cairo trip that during the journey an eagle became so menacing that his passenger prepared to defend himself with a revolver.

In one of those desolate tracts of Scotland known as a deer forest an eagle and his mate had their home. Although it was called a forest there were few trees, but at the base of a glen near the river there was an ancient Scotch fir, a relic of the Caledonian forest which years ago covered the moors.

The eagle was flying high up over the grass-covered slopes, his keen eyes ever on the look-out for food. As he sailed along, looking a veritable king of the air, he saw beneath a grey object crouching on the ground. His whole manner changed, and with quicker beats of his great wings he darted down towards it.

The mountain hare had seen his enemy, and it was no good waiting there any longer if he wished to save his life, so he travelled at speed over the rough ground as only a hare born on the hills can. Just a fraction of a second before the eagle struck, he stopped dead and squatted low on the ground.

The eagle, missing his object, flew onwards for thirty or forty yards, then did a sudden swoop and turn, and flew back at the hare. Or, rather, he flew to the spot where the animal stopped, but when he reached it the hare had gone! He had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him.

The bird flew up and circled around for nearly twenty minutes, searching every inch of the ground. Eventually his patience gave out, and it was not until long after he had gone that the hare crept slowly out of a large clump of mountain grass.

On went the eagle, flying high now, but he could not find enough food to satisfy his appetite. Towards evening he saw a small hind quite a long way from the main herd of deer, and he swooped down towards it. The hind saw its danger, and as the eagle was between it and its companions, it was no good running back for protection.

There seemed only one thing to do, and that was to make for the old tree by the river. With great bounds the nimble young creature made its way to this. It was a fine race, and it looked as if the eagle would win. But the hind was fleet of foot, and reached the tree half a second before the bird. It ran under the thick branches and pulled up. To save itself from crashing, the eagle gave a great upward glide, missed the branches by inches, then, turning, came down to the topmost branch.

Then a game of patience was played. The hind won, for darkness saved it.

WORLD'S RAREST STAMP.

One-Cent 1856 British Guiana Sold In 1922 for $35,000.

Stamps worth $15,000,000 were on view at the International Philatelic Exhibition, held in New York recently, and was the greatest ever held in the history of stamp collecting.

The last international exhibition was held in London in 1923, and on that occasion the stamps exhibited were insured for $10,000,000.

Among the valuable stamps which were shown in New York is the rarest stamp in the world—the one-cent 1856 British Guiana, black on magenta, which was sold in 1922 for $35,000.

New attractions in the exhibition were an enlarged class devoted to air mail stamps, including those used on air messages during the Paris siege of 1870, and the Przemysl siege of the Great War; a class for historical and educational collections, arranged to illustrate art, plant and animal life, history and biography; and a special class for Government exhibits, in which were shown the processes used in the engraving and printing of stamps.

The judges, like the exhibitors, were drawn from all the countries of the world, and there were on the jury representatives of Japan, Mexico, Brazil, and South Africa.

Running a Car on Air.

Mr. Lee Barton Williams, of Pittsburg, has invented a motor-car that, he claims, runs on air. The motor starts on petrol, but after it has reached a speed of ten miles an hour the petrol supply is shut off and the air starts to work.

In its first test says Popular Science Monthly, made recently in Pittsburg, the strange vehicle attained a speed of sixty-two miles an hour.

Thousands of motor-car owners who are paying out considerable sums every week for motor fuel will watch the further development of this curiosity-provoking mystery car with hopeful interest.

New Battery Re-charger
INSTALLED
MARVELUBE MOTOR OIL
A grade for every purpose.
WILLARD STORAGE BATTERIES
Solid Rubber Case and Rubber Thread Plates
CUSHION AND HARD RUBBER TIRES
For Buggies
J. M. Graham, Napanee
DUNDAS ST., EAST
'Phone 218. P. O. Box 567.

Counter Check Books
The Best Produced in Canada
Any Variety, Size or Style
Prices on Counter Check Books are still the lowest they have ever been. Anticipate your requirements and purchase now, before the prices increase.

ROLL WRAPPING
KRAFT WRAPPING, in all widths of roll, at Toronto Prices.
You Save the Freight

ALL CLASSES OF JOB PRINTING
from the smallest to the largest, are successfully and expeditiously handled in our plant, which is equipped with all the necessary machinery and equipment to render prompt and satisfactory service to our customers.
The Express Printing House
Phone 134. NAPANEE

The Baby Kidnapers

By AUSTIN FLINT

Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.

Larry the Blood made a cryptic gesture to his friend Skinner as he approached Johnson's Department store. Innumerable women were entering and leaving; a dozen baby carriages stood outside the portals. In each of them lolled a fat, complacent white hope, sucking either a thumb or a comforter.

The flowing tide of purchasers ebbed for an instant. Upon that instant Larry the Blood had glided forward and softly snatched one of the white hopes out of its downy nest. The next moment he was carrying it in his arms down the street, while the child slept peacefully.

Difficult? Not for Larry. The East Side tough had been transformed into quite a dainty-looking nursemaid, while a wig of raven hair and two slim ankles completed the illusion, while the skirt was just long enough to prevent the intrusion into the picture of a pair of bowed, muscular legs.

Five minutes later Larry and Skinner reached their haven of safety in a ramshackle tenement in a side street. Larry dropped his burden on the bed. The white hope slept.

"Gee, Larry, you sure pulled off a good thing!" said Skinner in admiration, as he examined the dainty clothing. "That babe's worth five thousand ransom, as soon as they find it's missing."

"That means more mazuma than you and me have handled in years," said Larry.

"Atlantic City for mine," said Skinner, "and a rolling chair."

"You're cheap," said Larry. "Mine's a European tour. Say, we sure have got a good thing all right, all right. Now all we got to do is to lie low till the reward's offered."

There came a stirring from the bed, a fretful whimper. The child opened its eyes, and, seeing the strange faces about it, began to cry.

"Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, baby!" said Skinner, picking it up in his arms and rocking it. But the child only cried the harder. The two looked at each other in consternation.

"Say, this'll have to stop!" said Larry. "How d'you stop it howling?"

"Where's its feeding bottle?" asked Skinner.

"There ain't none. How often do they have to be fed?"

"Search me," said Skinner. "My sister had one last year, and she was always giving it the bottle. Say, you'll have to buy one, Larry!"

"How long'll we have to keep the blooming brat?" asked Larry. "D'you suppose the reward will be out by tonight?"

"Well, suppose it is? We'll have to wait three or four days to arrange about the ransom. Say, Larry, you've pilled off a good thing, sure enough, by the looks of it, but you forgot the incidentals."

The other cast a withering glance at him.

"What's wanted except the bottle?" he asked. "And I'd teach it to drink out of me hand in an hour or two, when it gets hungry."

"What's going to wash it?"

"Wash it?" yelled his friend. "I'll wash its face if it gits dirty, and the rest of it won't show under its clothes, will it? F'r the love of Mike stop that howling!"

But the child, puckering up its red face, yelled obstinately, madly. It clenched its little fists in a paroxysm of rage. The two looked at each other in bewilderment.

"Nip out and git that bottle, Larry," suggested Skinner.

"Hold hard," said Larry. "It ain't that. I know what it is. Mebbe there's a pin pricking it somewhere. That's what makes 'em yowl. Look and see, Skinner."

"You look," said Skinner, surveying the masses of clothing with a cautious eye.

"I'll look, then! Say, Skinner, you're certainly a hopeless sort of cuss when it comes to difficulties. How d'you open it?"

"This looks like a button," said Skinner.

"That ain't it. Look at that pin! Hello, what's inside?"

On the inside of the long exterior garment was pinned a piece of paper, written on in a fine feminine hand. They read together:

"To any one who may find my precious baby: His name is Olaf and he is eleven months old. I have dressed him up in his best things. I cannot keep him longer, because his father has left me. So I am leaving him outside Johnson's Department store, in the hope that some one will adopt and care for my precious one."

That was all. The two stared at each other in consternation.

"You—you—you nursemaid!" pipped Skinner. "That's what comes of all your schemes. Take it away. F'r the love of Mike take it away before I adopt precious little Olaf. A Swede! Bah! Take it where you found it and don't come back till you do!"

Ten minutes later an empty baby carriage outside the door of Johnson's Department store received its precious freight. The child, which had fallen asleep, stirred uneasily, rubbed its knuckles into its eyes, and began to howl again.

But the dainty nursemaid with the raven wig was already far away.

Convention Days.

"Does your wife object to your staying out late at night?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Meekton. "She's always out later than I am."

HEROIC DEED OF CHILDREN.

Boy and Girl Gave Their Lives for Duty's Sake.

Strongly built upon the last rock on a French coast stands a lighthouse whose light revolves everlastingly to guide sailors through the neighboring reefs.

If, in calm weather, you happened to get near enough to the lighthouse you would see there, written in letters of gold, two names: Andrew Dutton and Bertha Dutton. That inscription commemorates the deed of two young people who lost their lives to save those of others.

The lighthouse is uninhabited. Its functioning is automatic; the light shines night and day. Once a month, or thereabouts, weather allowing or calm weather, a boat goes out to the lighthouse to renew the stock of carbide which is used to feed it. But one night the light went out. A fearful storm was blowing, and doubtless a wave, or else a gust of wind, had smashed a pane and blown out the light.

At all costs the damage must be repaired and the lamp relit, but no one dared to venture on the wild sea. The official entrusted with this duty was away; he had recently paid his periodical visit, so that his responsibility was covered.

It was his two children, Andrew and Bertha, aged sixteen and fourteen, who volunteered. The sailors in the harbor soon lost sight of the little boat carrying the two children into the darkness. But soon a sigh of relief arose among them when they saw suddenly the light pierce the blackness of the night.

But the boat never returned to port.

THE CORN-BORER.

Will Establish a Safety Zone In Front of the Pest.

Canada and the United States may quarrel over the tariff, smuggling and the like now and then, but lake levels, but when a common enemy invades their borders they are allies. The European corn-borer has struck back from the coast-line it first ravaged in fields of New York, Northern Pennsylvania and Ohio, Michigan, Ontario and Northern Indiana. It is headed for the Corn Belt at the rate of seventy-five miles a year, despite local efforts to check progress. It has cost the farmers millions already, and Ohio a quarantine line has been drawn along the divide between the Erie Basin and the Ohio River valley, and all summer every automobile was searched to confiscate green corn. It a corn-borer be found it was decided to establish a fifty-mile safety zone in front of the pest and adopt uniform regulations throughout the infested territory in both countries. Congress will be asked for an appropriation to meet expenses, as it is beyond the ability of the States. It was stated that it would require a half million dollars to clean up 165,000 acres in Indiana alone, and it is one of the least affected of any of these States.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why Opals Are Unlucky.

Other precious stones consist of a single layer as it were, always catching the light at a fixed angle. Inside the opal, however, there is not one, but a whole series of surfaces, all set at varying angles, so that the light breaks in different directions on each.

It is this property that gives the opal its curiously changing colors, and it is, too, this property that probably accounts for its stigma of being an unlucky stone. For inside the opal is an infinitesimally tiny drop of water, and if the stone be exposed to any severe heat, this moisture will often evaporate, with the result that the surfaces inside "fall together," and no longer break up the light with their old angles. But it was the mystery in the changing colors that first raised the story in popular superstition.

Graphite Resists Heat.

Where pipes which are subjected to a great heat are joined together, or where a threaded part such as a spark plug is screwed into another and then subjected to a great heat, the threads should be coated with graphite grease. If this is not done, the parts are liable to fuse together so that they cannot be unscrewed again. The graphite, which will stand an intense heat, will prevent this.

NOTED SOLDIER-SCHOLAR.

Tells of Some of the Queer People He Has Seen.

Lt.-Col. P. T. Etherton, of the Royal Garhwal Rifles, Indian army, is not only a soldier, but a noted traveller and successful author. He is a native of Hampshire, England. He won honors in the South African War where he served in Kitchener's Fighting Scouts. Then he joined the Indian Army, and after several years of service he performed some notable journeys. One was across Asia from India through Pamirs, Chinese Turkestan, Mongolia, and Siberia, thence into Europe through Russia and Germany, and back to England. Then came the Great War, and he did service in France, Egypt, the Sinai Peninsula, and Mesopotamia, after which he was sent to the Welfare School at Mhow, India. In 1918 the British Government sent him on a special mission to Central Asia. The mission performed, he became British Consul-General in Chinese Turkestan, and in 1920 he became Additional Assistant Judge of H.B.M. Supreme Court for China. He now lives in London, and has turned to literature, one of his best-known books being, "Across the Roof of the World," the "Roof" being the little-known land north of India. On September 4, Lt.-Col. Etherton was only 47 years of age, and yet few men living have seen more of the Old World than he has.

In one of his works this distinguished soldier tells of some of the queer people he has seen: "New Wonders of the World," writes Col. Etherton, "are continually crowding in upon us, yet spread over the world are races of whose customs time has altered much in a thousand years.

"There are, for instance, the head hunters of Sumatra, who regard a human skull as the aristocratic form of wine cup. If contemplating marriage you cannot achieve your object until you have presented your fiance with a number of heads, which are afterwards preserved in a casket like the freedom of the City of London. Only after a certain number of heads have been placed beneath the foundations can you take up residence in your new house, and the first form of interior decoration is not a picture, but the skulls of your enemies."

He writes of the remote tribes living in the wild and little-known regions about the headwaters of the Amazon. The training of a "medicine man" there is longer and more severe than western nations prescribe for their physicians and teachers. He writes:

"If you aspire to being a medicine man the course extends over nine or ten years. You must undergo solitary confinement in the jungle and practically fast for twelve months, you must be able to dance and work yourself into a frenzy and keep it going for whole nights in succession, and you must have the capacity of a Falstaff for strong drink. And on completion a steady eye and straight pace. Also, you must be able to swing long clubs, eat fire, smoke strong tobacco, and spit upon your patient with force and accuracy from a distance of several yards."

Then Col. Etherton takes the reader to Central Asia, and he introduces him to the Kalmuks whom he describes as hard riders, and of whose tribe of any with whom he came in contact. They retain customs and beliefs whose origin may be sought far back in the mists of antiquity. Their weddings are always on horseback, for the belle of the encampment has to be caught and carried off on the back of a breakneck race to the young man aspiring to her hand. To ward off undesirable lovers she has a heavy whip, and is not directed with respect the eyes puts the unwelcome suitor out of action.

"The Kalmuks drink copiously and often of 'kumis'—fermented mare's milk—from leathern bottles, exactly as the Jewish patriarchs of their nomadic days did centuries before them, and it is regarded as the champagne of the wedding feast."

How Morning Mist Disperses.

While there is always vapor present in the air, it is not always visible to us. What happens is that every day the water takes in a certain amount of heat from the rays of the sun, and when at night it cools down, this heat is given off and chills the belt of air around it. On this cold belt the moisture is condensed, either falling down on to the dry soil in the form of dew, or if the soil is moist already, remaining in the atmosphere in the minute drops of water that we call mist.

With the rising of the sun the earth and air grow warm again and the "unpondered" itself, breaking up the drops of water into particles so fine as to be invisible.

Trees From Historic Verdun.

Chestnut trees are to be grown in England from chestnuts picked up in Verdun. Lord French, when visiting the ruins, picked some up, explaining his intention of planting them in his grounds at home as future monuments to the glory of Verdun. The Verdun municipality has received hundreds of requests from England for chestnuts. Since the municipality is not in Verdun, but in Paris, the requests have been forwarded to M. Proust, the commissary of police, who remains in the town. He has done all he can to satisfy the demand, getting chestnuts and acorns dug out from what were once Vaux and Rouaumont woods and from the public squares of Verdun itself.

Eskimo Girls

By William MacMillan.

While it is true that Eskimo girls have no vote, nor do they bob their hair and wear short skirts, yet do they hold their own with the boys when it comes to any kind of sport or work.

It must not be imagined for a moment that because Eskimo girls live in a cold and desolate land, bounded on every side in winter, by huge drifts of snow and endless expanse of ice, they do not have as much fun as you do. As a matter of fact, from the time an Eskimo girl is old enough to toddle she has a mighty good time of it. Dogs, funny-looking, short-legged, fat-necked little puppies, are her constant companions, and she has no end of fun with them. Dressed like the boys, in pants, short and sealskin boots, she knows quite as much as they do about dogs, sleds, ice pans, fishing and in all probability can build as snug an icehouse as any of them.

From five years ago Eskimo children fairly staggered under the lengthy names given them by their parents. Sometimes the girls were christened with the names of all those who had died in the village since the last baby was born. Then if one of her relatives happened to die before she was four years old, that name too was added to all the others. Should she fall sick, a dog's name was added.

From five years of age, an Eskimo girl is about the busiest girl imaginable. She usually owns a couple of puppies, and drives a small sled of her own. She guides huskies without reins, of course, leading them solely by the sound of her voice. And since it is the accepted thing in the best of Eskimo circles to keep shouting and talking to the dogs, she growls at them continually, "Ouk-ouk, rara, huit-huit," means, "go to the right, to the left, go straight."

Now it is just possible that some of us who live in a more temperate clime, with horses, automobiles and tram cars to carry us swiftly from place to place, have a vague idea that harnessing dogs to those native sleds and making them work is more or less cruel. Such, of course, is not the case. Taking the place of the horse—in winter—as the beast of burden, the Eskimo dog—or husky, as he is more often called—is treated in such a kindly manner by his owner that he seems happy only when he is tugging mightily in a walrus or seal-skin collar. And since dogs occupy such an important part of the average Eskimo's life, it is only natural that the girls should know practically everything in every month-old team for miles upon down the coast.

Dogs are swapped and traded, "sight unseen," by the girls, or examined and tested by all the cunning schemes of experts well versed in doggy ways. And the average girl is as keen in just about five days of an accidental slum are to be found, and no amount of color and picturesqueness to make up for it.

Over all is the smell of incense, probably burned by all and sundry to drown the other smells, as well as to fulfil certain religious and social demands.

The varieties of incense usually available are numerous. "Benzoi" (benzoin light), "aggar-k-bull" (wood aloes light), or "dhup." There are other kinds also, e.g., "loban," "chhuna, guggal," etc., and the consumption in India of all manner of odiferous resins, gum resins, roots, woods, dried leaves, flowers, fruits and seeds, for their preparation, is enormous.

Dhup, with which this article deals, is composed generally of gums, camphor, cotton, cocoanut, sandal wood dust, frankincense, bdellium, sums of various kinds and "dhup," a variety of root after which this incense is named. But the proportion and nature of the ingredients vary according to the resources of the vendor.

Dhup is jet black in color and of the consistency of putty. It is then rolled into a thin taper, when it is ready for use. As this paper is not rigid enough to stand upright, it is suspended in the air without heat, and downwards by pressing the other end against a suitable object. The taper commences burning in this fashion until it is consumed, emitting "a sweet-smelling savour" the while.

Wrestling With Alligators.

The thrilling spectacle of a man wrestling with a sixteen-foot alligator is witnessed daily by large crowds in Florida. The man is Henry Coppinger, who owns a thriving alligator farm.

Every day a large alligator is brought in a crate to the pool where these wrestling matches took place. It is allowed to enter the water and take cover. Then Mr. Coppinger sets out in a canoe. As soon as he locates its position he dives and seizes the alligator's jaws.

A mighty struggle follows, in which Mr. Coppinger is faced with a horrible death should he lose grip of his savage adversary. However, his knowledge of "rasslin' 'gators," as he calls them, stands him in good stead, and in a remarkably short time he is able to drag the exhausted alligator ashore.

BACHELOR GIRL IN ARMOR

A Few Dreary Stories by an Old Bohemian.

An American millionaire who went to England for the trial of a Chancery suit asked his solicitor, as a matter of business, what sum would be required to "square" the judge, suggesting £5,000. The lawyer assured his client that any attempt of the kind would render him liable to imprisonment. The knight seriously prejudice his case. Judgment was given in the American's favor and he afterwards said to his lawyer: "You never offered it, did you?"

"Yes," replied the solicitor, "I offered it, but I wrote in our opponent's name!" This is one of the many amusing stories told by Major Fitzroy Garner, O.B.E., in "More Reminiscences of an Old Bohemian."

He mentions a woman who, in the early 'seventies, went to a bachelors' supper party in Paris so successfully disguised as a man that no one, except the host was aware of her identity or sex.

In a quarrel with one of the guests she insulted him and was challenged to a duel with swords. She had a suit of coat-of-chain-armor made and wore it under her man's clothes. In vain her adversary thrust at her with his sword until, when her strength and nerve were exhausted, she collapsed in a faint.

A certain artillery captain at Bangalore sent a polite request to the officers of a cavalry regiment to assist at a charity entertainment he was arranging. A facetious cavalry captain answered as follows: "The —th Cavalry we know, but who are ye?" The gunner, equal to the occasion, replied: "With reference to your inquiry, we are Samuel in the wilderness, looking for wild asses, and we have found them."

An old soldier who had re-enlisted for the war had been describing to a comrade the peculiarities of some of the London police magistrates. "You seem to 'ave been in a lot of trouble, Bill," his friend remarked. "No! It was the answer. "I worked for a couple of years for a firm as 'ad a contract for cleanin' the police court windows."

One of the best stories concerns Capt. Bay Middleton, one of the finest riders of his time, who, when the guest of a certain woman, made a point of appearing in the smoking-room at night in a dress-coat, just to assert his independence. One night another guest told him that if he did it again his coat-tails would be cut off.

The next night when "Bay" turned up dressed as usual, two of the other men seized him and a third cut off the tails. Middleton smoked a cigar as calmly as if nothing unusual had happened. "You don't seem to care a bit, Bay," remarked the man who had done the cutting. "Why should I?" the supposed victim replied. "I got it from your room after you had changed. It's your coat, not mine!"

"BAZAARS" OF THE ORIENT.

There Are Few More Smelly Places In the World.

Oriental bazaars are invariably unsanitary. The proprietors live right on the spot, eat, cook and sleep in the same shop. It is just about the last an accidental slum are to be found, and no amount of color and picturesqueness to make up for it.

Over all is the smell of incense, probably burned by all and sundry to drown the other smells, as well as to fulfil certain religious and social demands.

The varieties of incense usually available are numerous. "Benzoi" (benzoin light), "aggar-k-bull" (wood aloes light), or "dhup." There are other kinds also, e.g., "loban," "chhuna, guggal," etc., and the consumption in India of all manner of odiferous resins, gum resins, roots, woods, dried leaves, flowers, fruits and seeds, for their preparation, is enormous.

Dhup, with which this article deals, is composed generally of gums, camphor, cotton, cocoanut, sandal wood dust, frankincense, bdellium, sums of various kinds and "dhup," a variety of root after which this incense is named. But the proportion and nature of the ingredients vary according to the resources of the vendor.

Dhup is jet black in color and of the consistency of putty. It is then rolled into a thin taper, when it is ready for use. As this paper is not rigid enough to stand upright, it is suspended in the air without heat, and downwards by pressing the other end against a suitable object. The taper commences burning in this fashion until it is consumed, emitting "a sweet-smelling savour" the while.

Wrestling With Alligators.

The thrilling spectacle of a man wrestling with a sixteen-foot alligator is witnessed daily by large crowds in Florida. The man is Henry Coppinger, who owns a thriving alligator farm.

Every day a large alligator is brought in a crate to the pool where these wrestling matches took place. It is allowed to enter the water and take cover. Then Mr. Coppinger sets out in a canoe. As soon as he locates its position he dives and seizes the alligator's jaws.

A mighty struggle follows, in which Mr. Coppinger is faced with a horrible death should he lose grip of his savage adversary. However, his knowledge of "rasslin' 'gators," as he calls them, stands him in good stead, and in a remarkably short time he is able to drag the exhausted alligator ashore.

Living Without Air.

At a convention of scientists recently held in Washington a plant was exhibited growing inside a hermetically-sealed bulb. This shows that a plant does not need fresh air. It uses the same water and air over and over again and needs no attention.

REAL FLANNELETTE BARGAINS

AT

McINTOSH BROS.

27 in. Flannelette

In Plain White and a variety of dark and light colored stripes. Our price per yard..... .20

36 in. English Flannelette

In Plain White and large selection dark and light colored stripes, and price per yard..... .25

36 in. English Flannelette

Extra quality in broad Pink, Blue, Mauve, Yellow stripes, suitable for pyjamas, and priced per yard..... .29

32 in. Plain Colored Flannelette

In three shades of Grey, Camel and Rose. This is our leader when it comes to Flannelette. Our price per yard .33

12-4 Flannelette Blankets

First quality in Grey or White, with Pink or Blue borders. Size 72 x 84. Our price per yard..... $2.29

36 in. English Pyjama Cloth

In a good selection of colored stripes. Regular 50c. value. Our price per yard..... .35

McINTOSH BROS.

W. H. KER, Manager - Napanee Branch

THE THELLUSSON ACT.

Limit to Time a Legacy Can Go on Accumulating.

A recent will, which has aroused much attention, is that of Mr. Frederick Thomas Atton, a pawnbroker, of Stamford, Lincolnshire, England, who left a fortune of over £50,000, says an Old Country paper. After giving some legacies and an annuity, he directed that the residue of his fortune was to accumulate during the longest period allowed by law, but not later than the year 2,000.

At the end of that period the capital and accumulated interest are to be divided between the Manchester Infirmary, the Gloucester Infirmary, Guy's Hospital, St. Thomas' Hospital, and the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Mr. Atton's fortune, however, will not be allowed to accumulate until the year 2,000. The longest period during which the law of England allows money to accumulate after death is twenty-one years.

This is the sequel to one of the most sensational wills on record, that of Mr. Peter Isaac Thellusson, a between merchant, who came to London and made a large fortune there. He left £100,000 to his wife and children and assigned the rest of his wealth, valued at between £600,000 and £800,000, to trustees, with instructions that it was to accumulate during the lives of his three sons and of their sons.

Not a penny was to be paid out until the death of the last of his grandsons. If, when that occurred, there was no heir of his own blood, the accumulated fortune was to be applied to the discharge of the National Debt.

The family endeavored to have the will set aside, but without success. It was held to be quite valid in law. But public feeling had been aroused. It was calculated that by the time the Thellusson fortune came to be paid out it might reach the staggering total of £140,000,000, and that the money so accumulated in this way was a menace to the public interest.

This feeling was so widespread and so strongly expressed that the Accumulation Act was passed. This measure, which is usually known as the Thellusson Act, lays down that a testator's property cannot be allowed to accumulate for more than twenty-one years, and that any direction to the contrary in a will is void.

The new Act, however, did not prevent the instructions in the Thellusson will being carried out. It only applied to future cases of the same kind. So it was not until fifty-nine years after Mr. Thellusson's death that the residue of his fortune could be disposed of.

Then a new question arose. Who was entitled to the money? The death of the last grandson of the old merchant was the signal for a new legal battle to decide the ownership of the fortune.

The fight raged for three years, the dispute being carried through every court up to the House of Lords, and in the end it was found that the Thellusson fortune was not so big. After all, legal costs had swallowed up much of it that it was a very little larger than when Mr. Thellusson died.

So the reason of his strange will was a desire to have his name associated with a fortune of record proportions—a charge levelled against the dead man by the critics of the document when it was first a subject of controversy—his calculation was proved wrong by the event.

But if Mr. Thellusson's motive was vanity, as some people said, his will certainly achieved its object, though not in the way he had intended. For he had given his name to an Act of Parliament, and the various lawsuits concerning the will and the discussion regarding it had made him famous.

RISKS FILM "STARS" RUN.

Powerful Lights Affect Actor's Eyes and He Gets Nerves.

It has been suggested that the death of Rudolph Valentino was directly attributable to over-exposure to ultra-violet or actinic rays, aggravated by the lights of the film studio. These powerful lights first affect an actor's eyes, and then his nerves, restless, and irritable. Unfortunately these signs of long-life trouble are more often than not disregarded and attributed to temperament; consequently, the actinic rays are allowed to continue their deadly work.

Another danger that affects most screen actors is a form of temporary blindness known as "Klieg" eyes. Powerful Kleig lights are employed to illuminate interior sets, and actors are sometimes required to face them for hours on end.

Smoked glasses were tried without success, but a solution of the difficulty has come in the form of "Eskimo spectacles." This contrivance, made of bone, looks like a bandana with two very narrow slits in the centre. It is worn when the actor is not actually facing the camera.

Strange Radio Detector.

Perhaps the strangest radio detector is an ordinary potato! If you stick a steel knife and a silver fork into a small potato and connect them to the wires which usually go to the crystal on your set, signals can be received. It is essential for the success of the experiment that the knife and fork should be of two different metals, for the arrangement behaves as a kind of electrical battery, small voltages being set up by the two dissimilar metals. The minute currents produced are varied by the radio signals and give intelligible sounds in the headphones.

Arriving

New Iceberg Lettuce
Sweet Potatoes
Celery Hearts
Cranberries
Spanish Onions
Oranges
Grape Fruit
Lemons, Etc.

Webster's Grocery

(Sign of Quality)

Pa's Son-in-Law

PA'S SON-IN-LAW
WELL SIR SANDY HOWE'S A SET TH' DATE FOR YOUR WEDDIN'?
AYE, TH' TYPEWRITH' I SEE IN TH' PAPER THAT A MR WILLIAM SEEDER WILL BE GETTIN' MARRIED AT TH' KIRK AROOND TH' CORNER ON THAT DATE.
OH, I SEE—YOURS IS GOIN' TO BE A DOUBLE WEDDIN', QUITE ROMANTIC! I SPOSE THIS WILLIAM SEEDER'S A LIFE-LONG FRIEND O' YOURS?
MA, NO, MOM!
LOOKS LIKE A BARGAIN DAY
I HA' NEVER MET 'IM LADDIE! BUT YOU SEE TH' KIRK WILL, O' COURSE, BE DECORATED FOR HIS WEDDIN' SO BY USEIN' ON TH' SAME DAY, I'LL BE SAVIN' TH' COST O' DECORATIN' IT MA'SEL, AND
—IN HOOTH'S REMEMBERED, MOMENT BE WHAN YOU'VE HAD A WEE BIT DRESS FOR MY WEDDIN' SERVICES IF HE HAS TWO 'I' REFORM ON 'IM SAME DAY!
SHTWELLINGTON

Wilson's- Hardware

Let us show you the latest improved model of our famous

Companion Range

Its popularity is its best recommendation

D. B. WILSON

Phone 138

Insurance!

Protects you from loss by fire at a small expense.

We have been in the insurance business for years and can give you good service.

Agents for all classes of Insurance,

Consult

HARSHAW & SON

Fire, Life, Accident and Auto Insurance

NAPANEE, ONT.

Radios and Batteries

Auhorized Dealers for Stromberg-Carlson and DeForest Crossley Radios

These sets can be heard any night by appointment.

We carry a full line of Everready Radio Batteries ; all styles and prices. Phones and Speakers.

We have just installed one of the latest type Chargers to look after your car or radio storage battery.

Get your Radio License from us Then if you are about to wire your house, or have any of your wiring equipment altered give us a call. Estimates given freely.

The Thermo Water Heater has no equal.

We carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heating Appliances, Irons, Toasters, Percolators, Curling Tongs.

National Electric Ranges ; also the Beach Electric Range.

Call and see our new line in Heaters. The Tropical Heater, one that drives away cold. Just the thing to save lighting the furnace during the early fall months.

Floor Waxer and Polisher to rent

Vine's Electric Shop

Market Square. - 'Phone 367

Residence Phone 112-F.

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,

Napanee, - Ontario

SCRANTON COAL

VanLuven

HEAT FOLKS

BUY YOUR COAL NOW

YOU NEEDN'T TRY TO SCARE US AND YOU NEEDN'T HAVE A FEAR, FOR WE'RE YOUR LITTLE HEAT FOLKS AND WE'RE BRINGING WARMTH AND CHEER.

HALLOWE'EN !

Means a lot to the kids, doesn't it ?

Means something to you, too.

Crisp, frosty evenings.

Pleasant brisk walks through the bracing air to get home to a glowing fire, a warm house, a good, hot dinner.

Call the *HEAT FOLKS*

for good, clean coal

Solvay Coke, hard and soft wood.

VanLuven

Phone 92 Napanee

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.00 a.m.—Sacramental service.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
Monday, 8 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 8 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Winter Poultry Necessities !

Thermo drinking fountains, oyster shell, grit, beef and bone meal, Royal Purple and Pratt's Poultry Foods, leg bands, and scientific sticking knives.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Grace Church Anniversary.

The anniversary services of Grace United Church will be held on Sunday, Nov. 14th, with Rev. C. W. Bishop, M.A., the new principal of Albert College, Belleville, as special preacher. Mr. Bishop has just concluded a successful pastorate at Sherbourne Street United Church, Toronto. Then on Monday evening, Nov. 15th, the annual supper will take place, followed by a high class programme given by the Radio Four Quartette, assisted by Prof. Leo Riggs, who is one of the most noted organists of New York City. Master Freddie Foster will also help entertain with some appropriate readings. All those who had the pleasure of listening to the Radio Four Quartette on a recent Sunday evening in Grace church, will appreciate the privilege of again hearing them on the occasion of Grace Church Anniversary Supper.

Law Strikes Blow at Chicken Thieves.

Poultrymen will heartily agree with Magistrate Jelfs's announcement that he intends to stop chicken stealing in he rural parts by making an example of those who are convicted before him of this crime," says the Hamilton Spectator. Last week he imposed a sentence of three years in Kingston Penitentiary on one young man, and two others were given 18 months each for the theft of 40 fowl. They stole an auto in the city to make the trip and tried to dispose of the birds in the city, but this led to their downfall. The trio caught were not members of the organized gangs which are operating in these parts, for their methods were too crude. The professionals have developed what looks like a highly efficient system, but the authorities are gradually gathering in the offenders and long prison terms are likely to end soon the unlawful activities."

Masquerade Party.

The annual Hallowe'en party of the "Helping Hand" Bible Class of Grace United Church, took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Rose, Deseronto Road, on Monday evening. About eight o'clock the masked party began to arrive and by eight-thirty the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. Rose was filled with a laughing, rollicking crowd of people, garbed to represent almost every conceivable character. The climax of the evening came when the guests, one by one, were called upon to unmask and many were the surprises as the guests revealed themselves in their true character. Following the unmasking the balance of the evening was spent in songs, recitations, etc., and just prior to the dispersing of the happy gathering lunch was served, to which all present did ample justice. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Rose and all others who contributed in making the evening one of the most pleasant in the history of the class.

Late John N. Roblin.

John N. Roblin, 68, prominent farmer of the town of Hounsfield, died early this morning at his home in Sackett Harbor. Mr. Roblin has been in poor health for the past six months and recently suffered from a slight paralysis but was able to be around. Mr. Roblin was born in Adolphustown, Canada, and came to this country when he was about 28 years old after his marriage to Edith A. Roblin. They settled on a farm near Sacket Harbor. He took an active part in the village life and was known as a man of friendly disposition and upright character. He served his village as a member of the board of supervisors during 1914-15. He took an active part in the Oddfellows Lodge of Sacket Harbor, of which he was a member for many years, serving as secretary and treasurer at different times. He was one of the few Democrats who was elected to the board of supervisors from the town of Hounsfield, which is strongly Republican. Up to about ten or twelve years ago he conducted a prosperous farm of over 170 acres in the village limits. His farm is located facing the old battlefield at Sackets Harbor. After his retirement, Mr. Roblin sold part of his farm to the Standard Oil Company for their shipping and receiving station. He is survived by his wife, Edith A.; four sons, Dr. H. Roblin and Dr. Arthur C., both of Syracuse and one brother, William, of Adolphustown, Canada. He was the son of the late Cyrus and Mary Catherine Davis Roblin. Funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon at two o'clock from Christ Episcopal church, Rev. Charles, D.D., pastor, will officiate Interment will be made in Sacket Harbor cemetery. Members of the Oddfellows lodge of Sacket Harbor will act as bearers.—Watertown Daily Standard, October 21st., 1926.

Old time residents will remember deceased, he having been in business in Napanee on Dundas street under the firm name of Roblin & Ford.

F. E. VANLUVEN

We have hard wood, cut for your stove, also hard and soft wood slabs. Call 92.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Sand Hill church : Public worship 10.30 a.m.

Hay Bay Church : Sunday School 1.30 p.m. ; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Gretna Church : Sunday School 10.30 a.m. Public worship at 7.30 p.m.

ADOLPHUSTOWN UNITED CHURCH.

Rev. H. Stainton, Pastor.

11 a.m.—Adolphustown.
3 p.m.—Hayburn.
7.30 p.m.—Sillsville.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

10.30—Holy Communion.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

Cheese Board.

115 white and 1114 colored cheese were boarded on Saturday. All sold at 16 9/16c.

Public Speaking Contest.

Five boys and three girls, each having won first prize in public speaking at school fairs, will be contestants in a public speaking contest to be held in Napanee Collegiate on Friday, November 5th, at 8 p.m., to decide the Championship for the County. There will be a good programme of music, including solos, piano solos and selections by the male quartette. Admission 25 cents. 49-a

Poultry Meeting.

At a meeting of the Napanee Poultry Association to be held at the Agricultural Rooms, Dundas street, Napanee, on Wednesday, Nov. 3rd, at 8 p.m., a representative of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, will be present to hear complaints made by the egg producer and shipper in regard to the Egg Grading Act. As this important question is of interest to all, it has been decided to have the meeting open to the public.

Napanee Talent Appreciated.

The Daily Intelligencer of Belleville, publishes the following complimentary remarks concerning a programme given by Napanee talent at Centenary Church, a few miles outside of Belleville, on the evening of Oct. 23rd: "The programme was put on by Napanee talent and was thoroughly enjoyed by a packed church which showed their appreciation by remaining till the very last number. The Black Bros. orchestra, of Napanee, furnished excellent music throughout the programme. The male quartette was fine and funny, also a trombone solo ; solos, duetts and trios were all excellent. The readings rendered by Mrs. Katherine Powell, of Napanee, were appreciated. She has a remarkable voice and a very pleasing personality. Her selections from Dr. Drummond, also the "Highwayman" held her listeners with breathless attention, while the humorous selections kept them in roars of laughter. She is a general favorite at Centenary.

Napanee Ready For Y.P.S. Convention.

Great preparations are being made for the second annual convention of the Young People's Societies for the Bay of Quinte Conference of the United Church of Canada, which takes place in Napanee on November 3rd, 4th and 5th. It is expected that there will be two hundred delegates from the large conference, which extends as far as Uxbridge on the west to Prescott on the east. The delegates will arrive during Wednesday afternoon and will proceed direct to Trinity United Church, for the purpose of registering. The delegates will be billeted in the homes of the members of the three United Churches under the Harvard plan, which means bed and breakfast. The ladies of the three churches will serve dinner and supper. On Wednesday evening there will be a debate between the young people from Belleville and Woodville. The following are the officers : E. H. Brown, Port Hope, president ; H. Holton, Belleville, vice-president ; Bruce Hyne, Port Hope, secretary, and T. Baird, Port Perry, treasurer. The ministers of the three churches are Rev. W. R. Tanton, Trinity ; Rev. J. Wilson, St. Andrew's ; Rev W. P. Woodger, Grace.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00 a.m.—Class meetings.
10.30 a.m.—Public worship. Subject, "Lest We Forget."
6.30—Organ recital.
7.00—Evening worship. Subject, "A Message of Thanksgiving."

The pastor will preach at both services.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Bay of Quinte Young People's Convention.

Willingdon a "Good Fellow"

In the smokeroom of the British House of Commons, where they do not as a rule pay compliments, it was said of Freeman Freeman-Thomas, now Viscount Willingdon and Governor-General of Canada, that he had a career before him because he dressed so exceedingly well and concealed his feelings so admirably. It was beyond dispute, says a London correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune, that Mr. Freeman-Thomas had other qualities that make for success, but it was equally undeniable that he was one of the best-dressed men in the House and one of the most reserved. It was almost inevitable that a man of his stamp should become a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and that actually was his first promotion in public life. He kept the post only a year and merely took it to gain an insight into the working of the Government front benches behind the scenes.

He was obviously not a House of Commons man and, therefore, not destined for high office at home. He kept aloof from the rank and file of his party, but he was an extremely good worker and was of enormous help to Mr. Lloyd George in the stormy days when the latter, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was staking his political existence on his famous first budget, which the House of Lords had threatened to throw out. The help Lord Willingdon gave Mr. Lloyd George consisted largely in the vast array of figures and facts which he compiled for his chief with laborious care. Mr. Freeman-Thomas got his reward for his services in the shape of a peerage, and in 1910 became Baron Willingdon. In the House of Lords he was in an atmosphere that suited him far better than that of the House of Commons. Although he had entered Parliament as a Liberal he was an aristocrat by birth and reared in the traditions of an ancient and wealthy family. He was a good sportsman. As a young man he was regarded as one of the crack shots of his native county of Sussex, and one of the best in England.

At a shoot at Chatsworth in the time of the late Duke of Devonshire, he first met King George, then Prince of Wales. His Majesty at the end of the day complimented Mr. Freeman-Thomas on his shooting, and said to him, "With practice you will become one of the best shots in England."

"I am afraid, sir," was the reply, "I will not have much time for practice, as I hope to enter Parliament."

Lord Willingdon, had he followed his own inclinations, might have remained Mr. Freeman-Thomas. He might have become one of the crack shots in England, and almost certainly a test match player in cricket, for he captained the Eton and later the Cambridge cricket elevens. After he had been raised to the peerage King George appointed him "a lord-in-waiting." That was in 1911. Lord Willingdon had met His Majesty on a few occasions since his first meeting with him, but the King had made no reference to the brief conversation that had then taken place between them. But it was clear that His Majesty had not forgotten it and had watched Lord Willingdon's career with interest.

In 1913 he was appointed Governor of Bombay, and later Governor of Madras, and for his services was raised a step in the peerage and created Viscount Willingdon. Then he reserved in manner, the new Governor-General is a man of the kindliest disposition and widest sympathies. When he was a Junior Lord of the Treasury someone once remarked to Mr. Asquith, then Chancellor of the Exchequer: "What an ivy fellow that Junior Lord of yours is."

"Very ivy," was the reply, "until you come to know him. Then you discover what a good fellow he is."

In the Division of Cornwall which he represented in Parliament from 1900 until he was raised to the peerage, Lord Willingdon won a personal popularity not easy to gain for a man who was a stranger to the county, for the Cornwall people are extraordinarily critical of outsiders.

At the first big gathering, Mr. Freeman-Thomas addressed at Bodmin, when he was standing for the division, someone asked him, in unmistakable tones for all to hear, why in the name of something they should vote for a man who was almost a stranger to them. "Let me get to know you and we'll see what we think of you," said the speaker. The candidate replied: "All right, I'll go for a walking tour here, and perhaps at the end of it you'll know more about me." And that is what Mr. Freeman-Thomas did. And when he was elected by a majority of 4,000 over his Conservative rival, the latter, when the result of the election was declared, said in his speech: "My opponent, I am bound to admit, has walked away with this election." And the joke is still told in Cornwall.

Russia to Carve Cliff, Too.

Apparently taking the idea from Stone Mountain in the United States, the Russians are to carve in their country's greatest monument to be cut in a cliff on the shore of the Caspian Sea, according to the official "Messenger" of Moscow. The Government will do the work in memory of the revolution, and on the cliff will be carved a face that can be seen miles at sea. The face will be of Stenka Rasin. Rasin was a robber and murderer who 300 years ago aroused the population against the Government.

Costly Disease.

Stamping out the outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease in various parts of the Old Country during the last seven years has cost $25,000,000.

RICHARD BACH

[OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Says—"Design is servant to man—no item of home adornment can do without it and survive."

THE unanimous agreement of authorities as to the advisability of wallpaper for interior decoration suggests the great opportunities it offers for beautifying your home.

PAUL'S BOOKSTORE

NAPANEE.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction.

We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS

FULL MODERN EQUIPMENT WALLPAPERS, WINDOW SHADES

Glass !

We specialize in window glass, also automobile wind-shield and body glass, cut to size. Come in and see the celebrated Ce-lo glass especially recommended for poultry houses and out-buildings, at

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

"Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous ; not rendering evil for evil or railing for railing ; but contrariwise blessing ; knowing that ye are there unto called, that ye should inherit a blessing. For he that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips that they speak no guile. Let him eschew evil and do good : For the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous and his ears are open unto their prayers, but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil." I. Peter 3, 8-12.

Christian seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian say :
Thou art in the midst of foes,
Watch and pray.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

William Ricciardi, is one of the prominent members of the cast of Milton Sills' latest starring picture, "PUPPETS."

Also two good comedies.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"EARLY TO WED," the human story of an average young married couple living beyond their means, produced by Fox Films by Frank Borzage.

Also a good comedy.

Also a 2-reel Western.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

BIG DOUBLE SHOW.

Thrilling scenes, love and comedy and beautiful camera shots of picturesque spots in the West, feature "A SIX SHOOTIN' ROMANCE," Universal-Blue-Streak feature starring Jack Hoxie.

AND THE OFFICIAL "FIGHT PICTURES of the world's heavyweight championship between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. Special Matinee Monday at 2.30 p.m.

Night prices : Adults 45c. ; Children 25c. Matinee : Children 20c. ; Adults 35c.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays.

STOMACH SO BAD CAN'T EAT EVEN FRUIT

"For years was badly constipated and troubled with gas after eating. Could not eat fruit and many other things. Adlerika has done me good—can now eat anything." (Signed) W. H. Fletcher. Adlerika removes GAS and often brings astonishing relief to the stomach. Brings out a surprising amount of old waste matter you never thought was in the system. Stops that full, bloated feeling and makes you enjoy eating. Excellent for chronic constipation. Wallace's Drug Store.

Wonderland!

Monday and Tuesday,

Nov. 8th & 9th

Gene Tunney Jack Dempsey

Official Motion Pictures of the World's Heavyweight Championship

Between

Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney

Special Matinee Monday at 2.30

Children 20c. Adults 35c.

EVENING—Children 25 cts. Adults 45 cts.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, LIMITED

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

Has for 58 years maintained the highest standards in thorough business training. Students come here from Newfoundland, Bermuda, British West Indies, South America, the United States and all parts of Canada.

Write for the College catalogue.

dec-21 I. L. MOORE, Principal.

Does YOUR Church Need Decorating ?

Some person has said "Cleanliness Comes Next to Godliness."

You start the ball rolling—suggest something being done—get a committee together. Name the day and hour for meeting at your church.

'Phone or write C. B. Scantlebury, Church Decorator, Belleville, to meet your committee. He will be there—offer suggestions—give you sketches ; all without cost to you.

Just command this superior Church Decorating Service by writing

C. B. SCANTLEBURY, Belleville.

Exclusive Church Decorator.

A few recently decorated churches by this firm are : Switzerville United, Strathcona United, Wooler United, Presbyterian at Stirling.

38-tf

Handicaps Have No Effect on Sandy's Smile

Sandy is a cheerful sort of Scot with a ready joke and a winning smile although when you hear his story you will wonder what it is that keeps him gay. He was a soldier in the Great War where he lost an arm. Then overwork knocked him out. His attempts to secure a pension have failed, last but not least, the only trade he knows is carriage-making, and who wants carriages now-a-days? For all that, Sandy is making good progress at the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives, where everything is being done to make him well again. For with health Sandy says he can face the world with courage—and he will, too!

Wouldn't you like to help the Muskoka Hospital in such work as this? Your gift will be gratefully received. Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto 3, Ontario.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

The Profit Lies in the Finish

IT PAYS to market cattle with the proper degree of finish. A quality product always commands a premium and is readily saleable at a profitable price. If you have stock that needs a little more time for finishing, and the feed is scarce, see the local manager of the Standard Bank. It is a simple matter to arrange a loan to carry the stock until a favorable market warrants a profitable sale.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

THE

STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA

NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, *Manager*

Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

PEAT SUPERSTITIONS

OWING TO COAL STRIKE PEAT CUTTING IS REVIVED.

Odds Have Many Superstitions Connected With Peat-Burning—Many Hints and Disease Were Supposed to Be Cured By Its Magic Properties—Peat Fire Sacred.

In the Highlands of Scotland, the coal strike led to unusual activity along the line of peat cutting. Stacks of peat are to be seen bigger and higher than ever seen before.

Stacks of peat clods are commonly seen near the heather-bordered marshes so frequently met with on the Scottish moors. They may be anything from six to twelve feet high, and are very often picturesquely built round a tree.

Where trees are numerous the large the colony of peat stacks is likely to be, for a trunk considerably strengthens the pile of clods and leaves protect it from rain and wind. When the clods are thoroughly dry (they require long exposure to the open air, or they are often saturated with the brown water of the peat-bags) carts and barrows are used to bring them to their destination.

Sometimes, when the roads are bad, women carry the fuel home in huge baskets strapped on their backs. This is particularly the case in Shetland, where the women industriously knit on their journeys to and from the peat-bags.

Many are the superstitions connected with peat-burning. In the life of the true Celt the peat-fire was, and to a lesser degree still is, a hallowed recollection. On his birth he was perhaps handed over the fire to avert the influence of the evil eye, in accordance with a time-honored Celtic custom. A blazing peat carried in the tongs round the bed where the mother and child lay was another ritual seldom neglected in a superstitious household. Here again the object was to avert evil from the infant. Any friends who were present at the time used to eat some "blithe meat," a mixture of meal and water, which was supposed to be a sacrifice to propitiate the powers of evil. This, however, was held to be useless, unless the meat had been previously passed over the smouldering fire.

"Smooring" the fire was another ritual connected with childhood. Its observance, shows the almost absurd reverence paid to the peat fire. The embers were first spread out in a circle on the hearth, and the circle was then divided into three parts representing the God of Life, the God of Peace, and the God of Grace. With due regard to the profound sanctity of the ceremony, ashes were piled on the whole, and the following incantation crooned softly:—

"The sacred three, to save, to shield,
To surround
The hearth, the house, the household;
This eve, this night, oh, this eve,
this night,
And every night, this single night.
Amen."

How sacred the fire was held to be may be judged from the fact that trampling out a neighbor's hearth flame was a crime equal to murder in Celtic eyes. At least as much is inferred by an old Gaelic folksong still in existence, which tells how a ghost must forever wander in a sunless desert, not because he committed a murder, but because he trampled his neighbor's hearth flame out. This idea of wronging a neighbor by interfering with his fire is a very persistent one; many a Highlander still says sarcastically to a person who is paying a brief visit, "Was it to borrow fire you came?" When a death occurs in a Celtic home it is still the custom to leave the ashes of the fire undisturbed, lest the dead one should be hindered on his journey. This belief appears to be one of the best-known of the many Gaelic proverbs connected with peat burning: "Who steals the fire steals the blessing."

As is only to be expected, many hurts and disease were supposed to be cured by the magic properties of the peat fire. Childish ills, especially, were treated with various peat preparations. If a child running barefoot across the moors chanced to receive an adder-bite a piece of burning peat was quickly pounded down in a stocking and applied to the sufferer's leg. Sprains were dealt with in a different manner. Soot collected from the chimney was rubbed on the sprain, and the rubbing accompanied by a certain muttered charm. Instantaneous relief was guaranteed in this case, though the actual cures were no doubt rare indeed. If an epidemic broke out in the village it must have sorely tried the villagers' faith in these simple cures, especially as they thought to ward off its evil effects merely by carrying a blazing peat round the house.

Besides its ordinary uses, peat has a peculiar preservative quality which is reminiscent of amber. In the museum of a northern town is a curious jar of butter, centuries old, which was taken from a neighboring peat-hag. A far more gruesome instance of this same preservative quality comes from the Orkney Islands. One day a woman who lived in a lonely district disappeared, and her body was not found until a hundred years after. It was in a perfect state of preservation.

The Maori Race.

The origin of the Maori race in New Zealand is indicated by the discovery near North Cape of pieces of crockery apparently Egyptian in character. This, following the recently discovered rock carvings at Kaingaroa showing traces of Egyptian influence, indicates the possibility of the Maoris having Egyptian blood.

Wrong Party.

Police Chief—What's the trouble with you fellows?

Old Member of Force—This new guy here captured "Jack the Hugger" and then let him go.

Police Chief—Great Scott, man! How did you happen to do that?

New Member—Why, he proved to me conclusively that his name wasn't Jack.—Judge.

Real Speed.

The fastest living thing is not Charley Paddock, sprinter, nor yet is it a bird. It is, according to Dr. C. H. T. Townsend, American entomologist, the lowly cephenemyia, an insect. With tremendous power stored in a body of extremely light weight, it can fly 815 miles an hour. If man could duplicate this speed, he could encircle the earth between sunrise and sunset of the longest summer day.

Canada's Coal Regions.

Canada has the only two coal regions on the seacoast of North America, and controls one-fifth of the world's coal resources.

Canada's Mineral Production.

In the last thirty years Canadian mineral production has increased fifteen-fold, from $14,000,000 to $215,000,000.

This is the Baking Powder that you can always rely upon

MADE IN CANADA
SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

JERSEY ISLAND.

Became Part of British Empire In the Year 1066.

The Channel Islands, not far off the northwestern coast of France, once formed part of the Dukedom of Normandy, and when William Duke of Normandy became King of England in 1066, the islands became associated with the Crown of England. The Kings of England lost Normandy except these islands, which now form part of the British Empire. The Channel Islands are administered according to their own laws and customs. Jersey, the largest island, with an area of 45 square miles and a population of 52,000, has a separate legal existence. It is administered by a Lieutenant-Governor appointed by the Crown, and a Chief Justice whose title is Bailiff.

The Legislature of Jersey is called the States, consisting of 55 representatives of all classes. The majority of the people are of Norman-French stock and Norman French is the prevailing language. A considerable part of the population is Protestant. The soil is fertile, the climate salubrious, and the chief products are cereals, vegetables, fruit, flowers, butter and fish.

One well-known breed of dairy cattle takes its name from this island where it was developed.

The chief town is St. Heller. None of the Channel Islands are bound by Acts of the Imperial Parliament unless they are specially named in the Acts.

Behind Grim Prison Walls

By EDWARD LEVINE

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Henry Lewis was free. Those months in the penitentiary seemed dreamlike to him when he passed unaccompanied through the great gates. It was all a dreadful dream, from the moment when he was arrested on the charge of having murdered his wife to the time when he was unexpectedly set at liberty.

He was free! He had now to completely disprove the allegations which had broken down after the verdict against him. He had to regain his position as a respected member of the community. He made his way home to the village. He entered his house, closed since the tragedy.

For several days he lived the life of a hermit there, trying to gain courage to face the world. At last, on a bright morning, he sauntered down the village street.

His lawyer, old Perkins, who had defended him with such zeal, was coming toward him with his junior partner, Emery. Lewis could hear the loud tones of the old man.

"Guilty as h—l! I always knew it!" he was saying. "If ever a man deserved to go to the chair Henry Lewis did."

Their eyes met. There was not the faintest recognition in old Perkins'. He passed by, leaving Lewis gaping in dismay.

So the village had decided to send him to Coventry! And that proved to be the fact. His old cronies and acquaintances cut him dead, passing with a shrug of the shoulders.

But there was Mrs. Barnes—Emma Baynes, the woman he had loved so deeply. She had written to him in the penitentiary assuring him that she believed he had been unjustly convicted, that she would wait for him till he was set free, as he must be. He gathered his courage to go to her house. The front door was open. He walked in, as he had done so often.

She was sitting in her parlor, a woman friend with her, a woman Lewis had always hated. As he paused at the door a moment, he heard her say:

"My dear Emma, your loyalty is splendid, but that man killed her cold-bloodedly for her insurance money—there's not the slightest doubt of it. You must put him out of your mind."

Emma was weeping. "It's so hard to believe it," she said.

Henry Lewis walked in and confronted them. Mrs. Jenks, the friend, drew herself up rigidly and turned away.

"I am innocent; and I have been set free in proof of it," Lewis said to the other. "Tell me you believe in me!"

"I believe you are right, my dear," said Emma Baynes to her friend.

She would not even deign to speak to him. Despair seized him. He turned and made his way back to his lonely house.

He would pack, go to California. People were more lenient in their judgments there. Surely the fact that he had been set free should be enough to make them believe in him.

He looked up, uttered a cry. Hilda stood before him—the wife whom he had poisoned, they said, angry, confronting him with an implacable expression. And at the sight of her his self-assurance crumbled into the dust.

He flung himself at her feet. "Forgive!" he stammered.

She turned her face away. He caught at her hands, but they dissolved into thinnest air.

"Is there no forgiveness for me?" "Why did you kill me?" He heard the words clairaudiently; all was very still in the room.

"To get the insurance, to marry Emma Baynes. What can I do to obtain forgiveness? Shall I give myself up to the police, confess?"

"That won't help you."

"What, then?"

"Devote eternity to helping others. Go through the world using your influence to prevent wrong-doing, to restrain those about to commit the same act you committed. Open the eyes of the blind, speak to the deaf—"

"I will. As long as I live—"

For the first time he saw compassion in Hilda's eyes.

"Then you will forgive? You'll wait for me when I pass over?"

She leaned toward him, laying one icy hand upon his forehead. "Don't you understand yet, Henry?" she asked gently. "Look!"

He screamed. He fell upon his knees. In the darkening room memory portrayed, as if it were a picture, the scene in the execution room, the grisly chair, the straps, the curious faces . . .

Relics of Stone Age.

Prof. Henry Woodman of Bristol, Va., is visiting his father, Dr. Isaac N. Woodman of Morrisville, Pa. Professor Woodman last spring, while carrying on some research work for the Smithsonian institution at Washington, discovered in a cave in the mountains of Virginia the bones of 800 human skeletons, thought to be the remains of Indians, as many relics were found, the most important and one of unusual interest being a heap of arrowheads chipped out at the sides similar to the blade of the propeller of a boat.

When attached to an arrow and shot from a bow they revolve rapidly as they dart through the air. Washington experts declare that nothing of the kind was ever before seen by them.—Philadelphia North American.

Woman 120 Years Old.

Kiara Pal, a woman living in Arad, Roumania, has just celebrated her 120th birthday. She never suffered from illness until she reached the age of one hundred, and her health is still good. The oldest woman in the world is reputed to be a Persian, who has declared her age as 146 years. The reputed oldest man is Zaro Khan, of Constantinople, who is said to be 150 years old.

Dogs In the Isle of Wight.

There are one dogs than children in the Isle of Wight.

Ontario Voters' Lists Act

NOTICE OF SITTINGS OF REVISING OFFICERS

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF ADDINGTON

Take notice that sittings of the Revising Officer for the purpose of hearing complaints or appeals with regard to the Voters' Lists of the several municipalities hereinafter set out to be used in the pending general election of a member of the Legislative Assembly for the Electoral District of Addington, will be held at the following places and times :

TOWNSHIPS OF KALADAR, ANGLESEA AND EFFINGHAM
Town Hall, Flinton, Nov. 4th, at 1 p.m.

TOWNSHIP OF BARRIE
Town Hall, Nov. 4th, at 2 p.m.

TOWNSHIPS OF DENBIGH, ABINGER AND ASHBY
Both's Hall, Denbigh, Nov. 5th, at 9 a.m.

VILLAGE OF NEWBURGH
Standard Bank Hall, Nov. 9th, at 3 p.m.

TOWNSHIP OF SHEFFIELD
Town Hall, Tamworth, Nov. 10th, at 9 a.m.

TOWNSHIP OF CAMDEN
Town Hall, Centreville, Nov. 10th, at 11 a.m.

The Revising Officer for all of said municipalities will be Judge H. A. LAVELL, and his Clerk for each municipality shall be as follows respectively :

Kaladar, Anglesea & Effingham—Howard Hasler, Flinton.
Denbigh, Abinger & Ashby—Herbert Warlick, Denbigh.
Newburgh—Charles Welbanks, Newburgh.
Sheffield—John E. Parks, Tamworth.
Camden—T. E. McGill, Centreville.
Barrie—Stanley A. Wheeler, Cloyne.

The sittings in each municipality will commence at the hour above stated and continue until the appeals have been disposed of.

And further take notice that any voter who desires to complain that his or her name or the name of any person entitled to be entered on said lists has been omitted from the same, or that the names of any persons who are not entitled to be voters have been entered thereon, may, on or before the THIRD DAY (exclusive of Sunday) before the date fixed for the sittings as above set out, apply, complain or appeal to have his or her name or that of any other person entered on or removed from the said list.

And further take notice that such appeals must be by notice in writing in the prescribed form, signed by the complainant in duplicate and given to the Clerk of the Revising Officer for the municipality or left for such Clerk at his address as given above.

H. A. LAVELL,
Chairman of the Election Board
for the County of Frontenac.

Dated at Kingston this 19th day of October, 1926.

Provincial Election, 1926

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF FRONTENAC-LENNOX

NOTICE OF SITTINGS OF REVISING OFFICERS

Take notice that sittings of the Revising Officers for the purpose of hearing complaints or appeals with regard to the Voters' Lists of the several municipalities hereinafter set out to be used in the pending General Election of a Member of the Legislative Assembly for the Electoral District of Frontenac-Lennox, will be held at the following places and times : —

TOWNSHIP OF ERNESTTOWN
At the Town Hall ,Odessa, Tuesday, November 9th, at 10 a.m.

TOWNSHIP OF NORTH FREDERICKSBURGH
At the Town Hall ,on Wednesday, November10th, at 1 p.m.

TOWNSHIP OF ADOLPHUSTOWN
At Town Hall, Adolphustown, Wednesday, November 10th, at 2 p.m.

VILLAGE OF BATH
At the Town Hall, Bath, on Wednesday, November 10th, at 2 p.m.

TOWNSHIP OF SOUTH FREDERICKSBURGH
At the Town Hall, Sillsville, on Thursday, November 11th, at 2 p.m.

TOWNSHIP OF AMHERST ISLAND
At the Town Hall, Stella ,on Friday, November 12th, at 10 a.m.

TOWNSHIP OF RICHMOND
At the Town Hall, Selby, on Monday, November 15th, at 10 a.m.

TOWN OF NAPANEE
At the Town Hall, on Thursday, November 11th, at 10 a.m., and Monday and Tuesday, November 15th and 16th, at 10 a.m., and also on Wednesday, November 17th, at 7.30 p.m.

Revising Officers for the said Municipalities respectively and CLERKS respectively of the said Revising Officers, will be as follows, namely :

For the Township of Ernesttown—U. M. Wilson, Revising Officer, Napanee ; W. C. Snider, Clerk, R.M.D., Odessa.

For the Township of North Fredericksburgh—C. W. Vandervoort, Revising Officer, Napanee ; M. A. Sills, Clerk, R.M.D., Napanee.

For the Township of Adolphustown—G. S. Reid, Revising Officer, Napanee ; A. C. Davis, Clerk, R.M.D., Sillsville.

For the Village of Bath—Judge Madden, Revising Officer, Napanee ; E. P. Shephard, Clerk, Bath.

For the Township of South Fredericksburgh—G. S. Reid, Revising Officer, Napanee ; Geo. T. Ham, Clerk, R.M.D., Bath.

For the Township of Amherst Island—Judge Madden, Revising Officer, Napanee ; J. Filson, Clerk, Stella.

For the Township of Richmond—W. P. Deroche, Revising Officer, Napanee ; H. A. Wood, Clerk, Selby.

For the Town of Napanee—Judge Madden, Revising Officer, Napanee ; W. A. Grange, Clerk, Napanee.

The sittings in each Municipality will commence at the hour above stated and continue until the appeals have been disposed of.

And further take notice that any voter who desires to complain that his or her name or the name of any person entitled to be entered on said lists has been omitted from the same, or that the names of any persons who are not entitled to be voters have been entered thereon, may, on or before the THIRD DAY (exclusive of Sunday) before the date fixed for the sittings as above set out, apply, complain or appeal to have his or her name or the name of any other person entered on or removed from the said list.

And further take notice that such appeals must be by notice in writing in the prescribed form, signed by the complainant in duplicate and given to the Clerk of the Revising Officer for the Municipality or left for such Clerk at his address as given above.

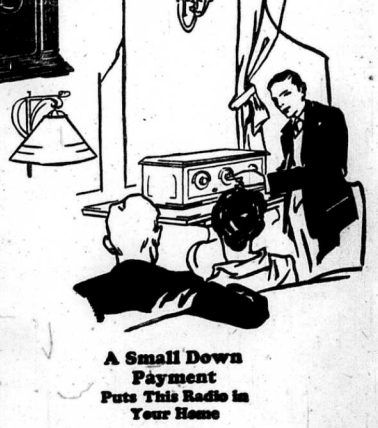
By direction of the Board, no appeals shall be received by a Clerk of the Revising Officer at any earlier date than Seven clear days before the day fixed for holding the sitting.

J. ERNEST MADDEN,
Chairman of the Election Board
for the County of Lennox and Addington.

Dated at Napanee this 23rd day of October, 1926. 48-b

Buy a Radio in your own home!

Ask for King Model 61, Six Tubes, Three Dial Control In Beautiful Two-Tone Cabinet



WE invite you to try this King Radio at home. We will install it, then turn it over to you ready to use—and show in a few minutes how easy it is to operate a King Radio.

Then by actual trial learn what a *good* radio really means in your home. Hear the great orchestras, the celebrated singers, the numerous novelty numbers—the sermons of noted preachers, the wisdom of learned lecturers—truly, half the world is yours at the turn of a dial—if you own this King Radio.

Then—after you have had this King Radio three nights—after you have listened to its marvelous quality—after you have picked up stations far and near—if you don't say that your King has been "taken right into your family," we will take it back and it won't have cost you a cent.

Otherwise you can make a small payment down and settle the balance in small amounts at convenient periods while you are enjoying your King.

Come in today—get a demonstration—or phone us to send it to your home for a three nights' trial.

A Small Down Payment Puts This Radio in Your Home

KING RADIO
"Most Radio Per Dollar"

King Radio Shop
Don Scott
John St. — Napanee

The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright by Li tle, Brown & Co.

The first of Hudson's sets proved empty. The second was about a turn in the creek, and a wall of brush made it impossible for him to tell at a distance whether or not he had made a catch. But when still a quarter of a mile distant, Hudson heard a sound that he thought he recognized. It was a high, sharp, agonized bark that dimmed into a low whine. "I believe I've got a coyote or a wolf up there," he said. They hastened their steps.

The whole picture loomed suddenly before their eyes. There was no wolf in the trap. The steel had sprung certainly, but only a hideous fragment of a foot remained between the jaws. The bone had been broken sharply off, as a man might break a match in his fingers. There was no living wolf. Life had gone out of the gray body many minutes before. The two men saw all these things as a background only—dim details about the central figure. But the thing that froze them in their tracks with terror was the great, gray form of the Killer, not twenty feet distant, beside the mangled body of the wolf.

The events that followed thereafter came in such quick succession as to seem simultaneous. For one fraction of an instant all three figures stood motionless, the two men staring, the grizzly half-leaning over his prey, his head turned, his little red eyes full of hatred. He uttered one hoarse, savage note, a sound in which all his hatred and his fury and his savage power were made manifest, whirled with incredible speed, and charged.

Hudson did not even have time to turn. There was no defense; his gun was strapped on his back, and even if it had been in his hands, its bullet would not have mattered the sting of a bee in honey-robbing. The only possible chance of breaking that deadly charge lay in the thirty-thirty deer rifle in Dave's arms; but the craven who held it did not even fire. He was standing just below the outstretched limb of a tree, and the weapon fell from his hands as he swung up into the limb. The fact that Hudson stood weaponless, ten feet away in the clearing, did not deter him in the least.

No human flesh could stand against that charge. The vast paw fell with resistless force, and no need arose for a second blow. The trapper's body was struck down as if felled by a meteor, and the power of the impact forced it deep into the carpet of pine needles. The savage creature turned, the white fangs caught the light in the open mouth. The head lunged toward the man's shoulder.

No man may say what agony Hudson would have endured in the last few seconds of his life if the Killer had been given time and opportunity. His usual way was to linger long, sharp fangs closing again and again until all living likeness was destroyed. The blood lust was upon him; there would have been no mercy to the dying creature in the pine needles. Yet it transpired that Hudson's flesh was not to know those rending fangs a second time.

On the hillside above, a stranger to this land had dropped to his knee in the shrubbery, his rifle lifted to the level of his eyes. It was Bruce, who had come in time to see the charge through a little break in the brush.

The bear was on Hudson, and the man had gone down, before Bruce even interpreted him. Then it was just a gray patch, a full three hundred yards away. His leather was to throw the gun to his shoulder and fire without sighting; yet he conquered it with an iron will. But he did move quickly. He dropped to his knee the very second that the gun leaped to his shoulder. He seemed to know that from a lower position the target would be more clearly revealed. The finger pressed back against the trigger.

The distance was far; Bruce was not a practiced rifle shot, and it bordered on the miraculous that his lead went anywhere near the bear's body. And it was true that the bullet did not reach a vital place. It stung like a wasp at the Killer's flank, however, cutting a shallow flesh wound. But it was enough to take his dreadful attention from the mortally wounded trapper in the pine needles.

He whirled about, growing furiously and blind at the wound. Then he stood still, turning his gaze first to the pale face of Dave Turner thirty feet above him in the pine. The eyes glowed in fury and hatred. He had found men out at last; they died even more easily than the fawn. He started to turn back to the fallen, and the rifle spoke again.

It was a complete miss, this time; yet the bear leaped to the side as the bullet thwacked into the dust beside him. He did not wait for a third. His caution suddenly returning to him, and perhaps his anger somewhat satiated by the blow he had dealt Hudson, he crashed into the security of the thicket.

Bruce waited a single instant, hoping for another glimpse of the creature; then ran down to aid Hudson. Had in driving the bear from the trapper's helpless body he had already given all the aid that he could. Understanding came quickly. He had arrived only in time for the Departure—just a glimpse of a light as it faded. The blow had been more than any human being could survive; even now Hudson was entering upon that strange calm which often, so mercifully, immediately precedes death.

He opened his eyes and looked with some wonder into Bruce's face. The

He Opened His Eyes and Looked With Some Wonder Into Bruce's Face.

light in them was dimming, fading like a twilight, yet there was indication of neither confusion nor delirium.

There was, however, some indication of perplexity at the peculiar turn affairs had taken. "You're not Dave Turner," he said wonderingly.

Dim though the voice was, there was considerable emphasis in the tone Hudson seemed quite sure of this point, whether or not he knew anything concerning the dark gates he was about to enter. He wouldn't have spoken greatly different if he had been sitting in perfect health before his own camp fire and the shadow was now already so deep his eyes could scarcely penetrate it.

"No," Bruce answered. "Dave Turner is up a tree. He didn't even wait to shoot."

"Of course he wouldn't." Hudson spoke with assurance. The words dimmed at the end, and he half-closed his eyes as if he were too sleepy to stay awake longer. Then Bruce saw a strange thing. He saw, unmistakable as the sun in the sky, the signs of a curious struggle in the man's face.

The trapper—a moment before sinking into the calm of death—was fighting desperately for a few moments of respite. There could be no other explanation. And he won it at last—an interlude of half a dozen breaths. Who and why "you" he whispered.

Bruce bowed his head until his ear was close to the lips. "Bruce Folger," he answered,—for the first time in his knowledge speaking his full name. "Son of Matthew Folger who lived at Trail's End long ago."

The man still struggled. "I knew it," he said. "I saw it—in your face. I see—everything now. Listen—can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"I just did a wrong—there's a hundred dollars in my pocket that I just got for doing it. I made a promise—to lie to you. Take the money—it ought to be yours, anyway—and here; and use it toward fighting the wrong. It will go a little way."

"Yes." Bruce looked him full in the eyes. "No matter about the money. What did you promise Turner?"

"That I'd lie to you. Grip my arms with your hands—till it hurts. I've only got one breath more. Your father held those lands only in trust—the Turners' deed is forged. And the secret agreement that I witnessed is hidden—"

The breath seemed to go out of the man. Bruce shook him by the shoulders. Dave, still in the tree, strained to hear the rest. "Yes—where?"

"It's hidden—just—out—" The words were no longer audible to Dave, and what followed Bruce also strained to hear in vain. The lips ceased moving. The shadow grew in the eyes, and the fire flickered down over them. A traveler had gone.

Bruce got up, a strange, cold light in his eyes. He glanced up. Dave Turner was climbing slowly down the tree. Bruce made six strides and seized his rifle.

The effect on Dave was ludicrous. He clung fast to the tree limbs, as if he thought a bullet—like a grizzly's claws—could not reach him there. Bruce laid the gun behind him, then stood waiting with his own weapon resting in his arms.

"Come down, Dave," he commanded. "The bear is gone."

Dave crept down the trunk and halted at its base. He studied the cold face before him. "Better not try nothing," he advised hoarsely.

"Why not?" Bruce asked. "Do you think I'm afraid of a coward?" The man started at the words; his head bobbed backward as if Bruce had struck him beneath the jaw with his fist.

"People don't call the Turners cowards and walk off with it," the man told him.

"Oh, the lowest coward!" Bruce said between set teeth. "The yellowest, mongrel coward! Your own confederate—and you had to drop your gun and run up a tree. You might have stopped the bear's charge."

Dave's face twisted in a scowl. "You're brave enough now. Wait to see what happens later. Give me my gun. I'm going to go."

"You can go, but you don't get your gun. I'll fill you full of lead if you try to touch it."

Dave looked up with some care. He wanted to know for certain if this tenderfoot meant what he said. The man was blind in some things, his vision was twisted and dark, but he made no mistake about the look on the cold, set face before him. Bruce's finger was curled about the trigger, and it looked to Dave as if it itched to exert further pressure.

"I don't see why I spare you, anyway," Bruce went on. His tone was self-reproachful. "God knows I hadn't ought to—remembering who and what you are. If you'd only give me one little bit of provocation—"

Dave saw lurid lights growing in the man's eyes; and all at once a cousin came to him. He decided he'd make no further effort to regain the gun. His life was rather precious to him, strangely, and it was wholly plain that a dread and terrible passion was slowly creeping over his enemy. He could see it in the darkening face, the tight grip of the hands on the rifle stock. His own sharp features grew more cunning. "You ought to be glad I didn't stop the bear with my rifle," he said hurriedly. "I had Hudson bribed—you wouldn't have found out something that you did find out if he hadn't lain here dying. You wouldn't have learned—"

But the sentence died in the middle. Bruce made answer to it, a straight-out blow with his fist, with all his strength behind it, in the very center of his enemy's face.

CHAPTER XVI

Dave Turner traveled hard and late, and he reached Simon's door just before sundown of the second day. Bruce was still a full two hours distant. But Dave did not stay to knock. It was chore-time, and he thought he would find Simon in the barn, supervising the feeding and care of the live stock. He had guessed right, and the two men had a moment's talk in the dusky passage behind the stalls.

"I've brought news," Dave said.

Simon made no answer at first. The saddle pony in the stall immediately in front of them, frightened at Dave's unfamiliar figure, had crowded, trembling, against his manger. Simon's red eyes watched him; then he uttered a short oath. He took two strides into the stall and seized the halter rope in his huge, muscular hand. Three times he jerked it with a peculiar, quarreling pull, a curbing that might have been ineffective by a man of ordinary strength, but with the incomprehensible might of the great forearm behind it was another terrible punishment. Dave thought for a moment his brother would break the animal's neck; the whites began to show about the soft, dark pupils of its eyes. The strap over the head broke with the fourth pull; then the horse recoiled, plunging and terrified, into the opposite corner of the stall.

Simon leaped with shattering power at the creature's shoulders, his huge arms encircled its neck, his shoulders heaved, and he half-threw it to the floor. Then, as it staggered to rise, his heavy fist flailed against its neck. Again and again he struck, and in the half-darkness of the stable it was a fearful thing to behold. The man's fury, always quickly aroused, was upon him; his brawny form moved with the agility of a panther. Even Dave, whose shallow eyes were usually dull and unobservant, viewed the scene with some alarm. It wasn't that he was moved by the agony of the horse. But he did remember that horses cost money, and Simon seemed determined to kill the animal before his passion was spent.

The horse cowered, and in a moment more it was hard to remember he was a member of a noble, high-spirited breed—a swift runner, brainy for a dog, a servant faithful and worthy. He stood quiet at last, his head hanging low, knees bent, eyes curiously sorrowful and dark. Simon fastened the broken strap about his neck, gave it one more jerk that almost knocked the animal off his feet, then turned back to Dave. Except for a higher color in his cheeks, darker lights in his eyes, and an almost imperceptible quickening of his breath he did not seem as if he had moved.

"You're always bringing news," he said. "If it's as important as some of the other news you've brought don't take my time long."

"All right," the other replied sullenly. "You don't have to hear it. But I'm telling you it's of real importance this time—and some time you'll find it's the second time you've shut the door in my face. Good-by."

"But quit yourself."

Dave walked clear to the door, then turned. "Don't be a fool, Simon," he urged. "Listen to what I have to tell you. Bruce Folger knows where that secret agreement is."

For once in his life Dave got a response of sufficient emphasis to satisfy him. His brother whirled, his whole expression undergoing an immediate and startling change. If there was one emotion that Dave had never seen on Simon's face it was fear—and he didn't know for certain that he saw it now. But there was alarm—unmistakable—and surprise, too.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "Out with it!" His tone was really urgent now, not insolent as usual. "Good Lord, man, don't you know that if Bruce gets that down to the settlements before the thirtieth of next month we—and nothing in this world can save us? We can't drive him out—the way we drove the Rosses. There's too much law down in the valleys. If he's got that paper,

SICK AGED EIGHT MONTHS

After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Could Do All Her Work and Gained in Weight

Melfort, Saskatchewan. — "I had inward troubles, headaches and severe pains in my back and I was so sick generally that I could not get up and I was in bed most of the time for eight months. An aunt came to visit and help me as I was unable to attend to my baby and could not do my housework. She spoke to me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles I could get up and dress myself. I also took Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine. When I first took the medicine I only weighed seventy-eight pounds, but I weigh ten as much. If I get out of sorts or weary and can't sleep I always take another bottle of the Vegetable Compound. I find it wonderfully good for female troubles, and have recommended it to my neighbors. I will be only too glad to answer any letters I receive asking about it."—Mrs. WILLIAM RITCHIE, Box 496, Melfort, Saskatchewan. C

"What Do You Mean? Out With It!"

there's only one thing to do. Help me saddle a horse."

"Wait a minute. I didn't say he had it. I said he knew where it was. He's still an hour or two walk from here, toward Little river, and if we have to wait for him on the trail, we've got plenty of time. And of course I ain't quite sure he does know where it is."

Simon smiled mirthlessly. "The news is beginning to sound like the rest of yours."

"Gold don't look dead," Dave went on. "And don't look at me—I didn't do it. I wish I had, though, first off. For once my judgment was better than yours. The Killer got him."

"Yes. Go on."

"I was with him when it happened. My gun got jammed so I couldn't shoot."

"Where is it now?"

Dave scrambled in vain for a story to explain the lack of his weapon to Bruce, and the one that came out at last didn't do him particular credit. "I—I threw the d—n thing away. Wish I hadn't now, but it made me so mad by jamming—it was a fool trick. Maybe I can go back after it and find it."

Simon smiled again. "Very good so far," he commented.

Dave flushed. "Bruce was there, too—fact is, crossed the bear—and the last minute before he died Hudson told him where the agreement was hidden. I couldn't hear all he said—I was too far away—but I heard enough to think that he told Bruce the hiding place."

"And why didn't you get that information away from Bruce with your gun?"

"Didn't I tell you the thing was jammed? If it hadn't of been for that, I'd done something more than find out where it is. I'd stopped this nonsense once and for all, and let a hole through that tenderfoot big enough to see through. Then there'd never be any more trouble. It's the thing to do now."

Simon looked at his brother's face with some wonder. More crafty and cunning, Dave was like a child in his fury, and he didn't yield as quickly to fury as that gray wolf, his brother. But when it did come, it scared him. It had come now. Simon couldn't mistake the fact; he saw it plain in the glowing eyes, the clenched hands, the drawn lips. Dave was remembering the pain of the blow Bruce had given him and the smart of the words that had preceded it.

"You and he must have had a little session down there by the creek," Simon suggested slowly, "when your gun was jammed. Of course, he took the gun. What's the use of trying to lie to me?"

"He did. What could I do?"

"And now you want him potted—from ambush."

"What's the use of waiting? Who'd know?" The two men stood face to face in the quiet and deepening dusk of the barn; and there was growing determination on each face. "Every day our chance is less and less," Dave went on. "With this land behind him, he'd be in a position to pay old debts, I'm telling you. We should have met him on the trail and let the buzzards talk to him."

"Yes," Simon echoed in a strange half-whisper. "Let the buzzards talk to him."

Dave took fresh heart at the sound of that voice. "No one would have ever known it," he went on. "No one would ever know it now. They'd find his bones, some time, maybe, but there'd be no one to point to. They'd never get anything against us. I tell you—it's all the way, or no way at all. Tell me to wait for him on the trail."

"Wait. Wait a minute. How long before he will come?"

"Any time now. And don't postpone this matter any more. We're men, not babies. He's not a fool or a coward, either. And he's a shot—I saw that plain enough—and how'd you like to have him shoot through your windows some time? Old Elmira and Linda have set him on, and he's hot for it."

"I wish you'd got that old heifer when you got her son," Simon said. He still spoke calmly; but it was plain enough that Dave's words were having the desired effect. "So he's taken up the blood-feud, has he? I thought I gave his father some lessons in that a long time since. Well, I suppose we must let him have his way!"

"And remember, too," Dave urged, "what you told him when you met him in the store. You said you wouldn't warn him twice."

"I remember." The two men were silent, but Dave stood no longer motionless. He was shivering all over with malice and fury.

"Then you've given the word?" he asked.

"I've given the word, but I'll do it my own way. Listen, Dave." Simon stood, head bent, deep in thought. "Could you arrange to have Linda and the old hag out of the house when Bruce gets back?"

"Yes—"

"We've got to work this thing right. We can't operate in the open like we used to. This man has taken up the blood-feud—but the thing to do—is to let him come to us."

"But he won't do it. He'll go to the courts first."

Simon's face grew stern. "I don't want any more interruptions, Dave. I mean we will want to give the impression that he attacked us first—on his own free will. What if he comes into our house—an unknown in these parts—and something happens to him there—in the dead of night? It wouldn't look so bad then, would it? Besides—if we got him here—before the clan, we might be able to find out where that document is. First, how can you tell when she's going to come?"

"He ought to be here very soon. The moon is bright and I can get up on the ridge and see his shadow through your field glasses when he crosses the big south pasture. That will give me a full half-hour before he comes."

"It's enough. I'm ready to give you your orders now. They are—just to use your head, and on some pretext get those two women out of the house so that Bruce can't find them when he returns. Don't let them come back for an hour, if you can help it. If it works—all right. If it doesn't, we'll use more direct measures. I'll tend to the rest."

He strode to the wall and took down a saddle from the hook. Quickly he threw it over the back of one of the cow ponies, the animal that he had punished. He put the bridle in Dave's hand. "Take these, and the field glasses, then ride to the ridge at once," he ordered. "Then keep watch."

CHAPTER XVII

The day was quite dead when Dave Turner reached his post on top of the ridge. Fortunately, the moon rose early. Otherwise Dave's watch would have been in vain. He didn't have long to wait. At the end of a half-hour he saw, through the field glasses, the wavering of a strange black shadow on the distant meadow. He trained the glasses on it. It might be just the shadow of deer, come to browse on the parched grass. Dave felt a little tremor of excitement at the thought that if it were not Bruce, it was more likely the last of the grizzlies, the Killer. The previous night the gray forest king had made an excursion into Simon's pastures and had killed a yearling calf; in all probability he would return tonight if Bruch left him in his path. This night would in all probability see the end of the Killer. Some one of the Turners would wait for him, with a loaded rifle, in a safe ambush.

But it wasn't the Killer, after all. It was before his time; besides, the shadow was too slender to be that of the huge bear. Dave Turner watched a moment longer, so that there could be no possibility of a mistake. Then he descended. It was little more than a half-hour's walk from Linda's home.

Turner swung on his horse, then lashed the animal into a gallop. Less than five minutes later he drew up at a halt beneath the Sentinel Pine, almost a mile distant. For the first time, Dave began to move cautiously.

It would complicate matters if the two women had already gone to bed. The hour was early—not yet nine—but the fall of darkness is often the going-to-bed time of the mountain people. It is warmer there and safer; and the expense of candles is less-ened. But tonight Linda and Elmira were sitting up, waiting for Bruce's return.

A candle flame flickered at the window. Dave went up to the door and knocked.

"Who's there?" Elmira called. It was a habit learned in the dreadful days of twenty years ago, not to open a door without at least some knowledge of who stood without. A lighted doorway sets off a target almost as well as a field of white sets off a black bull's-eye?

Dave knew the truth was the proper course. "Dave Turner," he replied.

A long moment of heavy, strange silence ensued. Then the woman spoke again. There was a new note in her voice, a curious hoarseness, but at the same time a sense of exultation and excitement. But Dave didn't notice it. He might, however, have been interested in the singular look of wonder that flashed over Linda's face as she stared at her aged aunt. Linda was not thinking of Dave. Her whole attention was seized and held by the

For the First Time, Dave Began to Move Cautiously.

unfamiliar note in her aunt's voice, and a strange drawing of the woman's features that the closed door prevented Dave from seeing. It was a look almost of rapture, hardly to be expected in the presence of an enemy. The dim eyes seemed to glow in the shadows. It was the look of one who had wandered steep and unknown trails for uncounted years and sees the distant lights of his home at last.

She got up from her chair and moved over to the little pack she had carried on her back when she had walked up from her cabin. Linda still gazed at her in growing wonder. The long years seemed to have fallen away from her; she slipped across the uncarpeted floor with the agility and silence of a tiger. She always had given the impression of latent power, but never so much as now. She took some little object from the bag and slipped it next to her withered and scrawny breast.

"What do you want?" she called out into the gloom.

Dave had been getting a little restless in the silence; but the voice reassured him. "I'll tell you when you open the door. It's something about Bruce."

Linda remembered him then. She leaped to the door and flung it wide. She saw the stars without, the dark fringe of pines against the sky line behind. But most of all she saw the cunning, sharp-featured face of Dave Turner, with the candlelight upon him. The yellow beams were in his eyes, too. They seemed full of guttering lights.

The few times that Linda had talked to Dave she had always felt uneasy beneath his speculative gaze. The same sensation swept over her now. She knew perfectly what she would have had to expect, long since, from this man, were it not that he had lived in fear of his brother Simon. The mighty leader of the clan had set a barrier around her as far as personal attentions went—and his reasons were obvious. The mountain girls do not usually attain her perfection of form and face; his desire for her was as jealous as it was intense and real. This dark-hearted man of greed and terrible emotions did not only know how to hate. In his own savage way he could love too. Linda hated and feared him, but the emotion was wholly different from the dread and abhorrence with which she regarded Dave. "What about Bruce?" she demanded.

Dave leered. "Do you want to see him? He's lying—up here on the hill."

The tone was knowing, edged with cruelty; and it had the desired effect. The color swept from the girl's face. In a single fraction of an instant it showed stark white in the candlelight.

There was an instant's sensation of terrible cold. But her voice was hard and lifeless when she spoke.

"You mean you've killed him?" she asked simply.

"We ain't killed him. We've just been teaching him a lesson," Dave explained. "Simon warned him not to come up—and we've had to talk to him a little—with fists and hoofs."

Linda cried out then, one agonized syllable. She knew what fists and heels could do in the fights between the mountain men. They are as much weapons of torture as the claws and fangs of the Killer. She had an in Elmira were sitting up, waiting for

Leslie Lewis, Opt.D.

Optometrist

Specialist in the Correction of Visual Defects

Hours:

9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

Evenings by appointment

Open Saturday evenings till 10 p.m.

stant's dread picture of this strong man of hers lying maimed and broken, a battered, whimpering, ineffective thing in the moonlight of some distant hillside. The vision brought knowledge to her. Even more clearly than in the second of their kiss, before he had gone to see Hudson, she realized what an immutable part of her he was. She gazed with growing horror at Dave's leering face. "Where is he?" she asked. She remembered, with singular steadfastness, the pistol she had concealed in her own room.

To be Continued

Wedding Reasons.

The bridal veil had its origin in the East, where many women still go veiled during the greater part of their lives, and where a husband is not supposed to see his bride's face until after the ceremony of marriage.

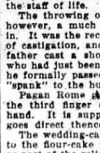
The throwing of rice, is, of course, a symbol wishing the happy pair plenty to eat, for in the East rice is the staff of life.

The throwing of an old shoe has, however, a much less pleasant origin. It was the recognized instrument of castigation, and when the bride's father cast a shoe behind the pair who had just been joined in wedlock, he formally passed over the right to "spank" to the husband.

Pagan Rome gave us the ring on the third finger of the bride's left hand. It is supposed that a nerve goes direct thence to the heart.

The wedding-cake traces its origin to the four-cake Roman coupler ate as part of the religious service in the presence of priests.

Cook's Regulating Compound



A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

23-1-y

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c. per line each insertion.

E. & J. HARDY & CO. Advertising Contractors and News Correspondents Fleet St., London, E.C., England.

A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

U. M. WILSON, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public crown Attorney, Clerk of the Peace. Phones—Office 46, Residence 125 Office—Dundas St., NAPANEE

G. F. RUTTAN, K.C. Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Solicitor for Bank of Montreal, NAPANEE Money to Loan. Phones—Office 93, Residence 132

W. G. WILSON, Barrister Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc. P. O. Box 620. Telephone No. 83 OFFICE—North Side Dundas St., Napanee, Ont.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE Barristers, Etc.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATE

Office—Warner Block, Opposite Post Office.

T. B. GERMAN Barrister and Solicitor

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES

OFFICE: Grange Block, 60 John 26m Street, Napanee

Now is the time to order your Storm Sash and Combination Sash and Screen Doors

Robert Light Lumber and Millwood Telephone 53. Napanee, Ont.

The Sheriff of Wistley

By HUBERT RAY

Copyright, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.

"Are you feeling better, darling husband?"

Buchanan opened his eyes to the swimming light. He did not know where he was. He was lying on a rough couch in a log shack. His head was bandaged, and beside him kneeled a woman, to the best of his knowledge, he had never seen in his life before.

She was pretty, blonde, with blue eyes filled with anxiety. Beside her, ginger in mouth, stood a little girl, obviously her child, also looking at him anxiously.

"Where am I?" demanded Buchanan, trying to sit up.

"Hush, dear! The doctor said you were not to be disturbed. It's all right. The posse shot Black Jack."

"Black Jack?" Buchanan had never heard of such an individual in his life.

"And all the town's talking of your courage in facing him. They say you're the best sheriff Wistley ever had. And you were only stunned by the bullet. The doctor says you'll be well in a week or two."

Buchanan, shaking his head like a man who cannot understand, lay back on his pillow. The woman kissed him. "Kiss Daddy, Myrtle," she said, and the child pressed her lips to his. They left him.

It might have been an hour later that the doctor entered. He was a stout, hearty, middle-aged man of the professional type.

"Well, how are we today, Mr. Woods?" he inquired. "Feeling uppish? You had a narrow escape, but you'll be all right in a few days. And you certainly did good work for Wistley. We won't forget how you went on ahead of the posse and put a bullet into Black Jack."

"Doctor," said Buchanan, "do I look and speak like a sane man?"

"Sure you do, Woods."

"Then will you listen patiently to what I have to tell you?"

The doctor nodded, and Buchanan went on.

"My name is Harry Buchanan. My father is a banker in Boston. Six months ago he sent me out West to see if I could make good. I was a rotter at Harvard, and I guess I deserved all the old man said about me.

"I went to Utah, and took up cattle-raising. We had some trouble with the sheep-men. One of them shot up one of our herders. We formed a posse to get him. I went with the posse. There was some firing. That's the last thing I remember. But the man's name wasn't Black Jack—it was Timothy Lee."

"Go on," said the doctor quietly.

"And the woman who calls herself my wife, and the child—I've never seen them in my life," said Buchanan with a groan.

"And what year is this?" asked the doctor.

"It should be 1919."

"It's 1922," the other answered. "And now I'll explain. In dressing your wound I came upon evidences of an old fracture. It is evident that you were shot by this Timothy Lee. When you recovered you had lost your identity. You had become the man we know as James Woods, the bravest sheriff Wistley ever had. You have a small ranch here. You married a settler's daughter. You have one child, and you were devoted to your wife and little girl. The bullet from Black Jack's rifle stunned you; you awoke your former self."

"My God!" groaned Buchanan.

"And you have now to choose which man you will become—for the rest of your life."

"Have I the choice?"

"I think so. The bullet from Black Jack's rifle depressed a part of the skull. I expected some confusion when you recovered consciousness, but not this. A trephining operation is necessary. It will probably restore you to the world as James Woods. If you decline it—well, you will be your former self forever."

For five minutes Buchanan thought. He saw himself in the East, a waster, a prodigal, despised and condemned by all, but—a member of the Buchanan family. There was ease, luxury, the society of educated men, all that his soul craved.

And he saw the look in his wife's eyes as she kneeled beside him. No human being had ever looked at him like that before.

"I've chosen, doctor," he said. "Operate!"

"I've come prepared to," the doctor answered.

The wife kneeled by the bedside. The man opened his eyes to the swimming light. They fell on his wife's face.

"Did we get Black Jack?" he muttered feebly.

FISH THAT GOES FISHING.

Most of the Fish Live Wholly on Other Fish.

For a long time it was considered that the nearest allies of the angler-fish, well known in British waters, were fishes living on or near the bottom of the sea. But recent investigations show that there is another group that live in mid-water at depths of from 1,600 to 5,000 feet from the surface.

This region presents conditions inhospitable to life, and as conditions must be almost uniform from season to season, by day and by night, peculiar modifications are to be expected in creatures capable of adaptation to such a strange environment.

Perhaps one of the oddest concerns the primary need for the maintenance of the species. How can a fish find its mate in these vast, trackless, gloomy spaces, where they are prevented from living in shoals by the poverty of the food supply? It has been found that in some of the species the males are minute dwarfs living as parasites attached to the females.

Most of the fish live wholly on other fish, and, like the angler-fish, obtain their prey by attracting it and then engulfing it in capacious mouths armed with sharp and flexible teeth that bend inwards towards the gullet.

The fishing apparatus is developed from one of the spines of the dorsal fin, and consists of a stiff but movable basal part, the rod; a long flexible part, the line; and a tip with barbs, representing the hook. That bait is a luminous bulb, the outer skin being nearly transparent and containing a glandular sac which sheds a secretion by a pore.

Ducks Die of Grief.

A lady living at Buluwayo, Rhodesia, bought two ducklings, thinking she would fatten them for the table. But her two children, a boy of eight and a girl of six, soon made such pets of them that all idea of using them for food was set aside. The ducklings followed the children to school and waited for them to come out. They became constant companions to the little human friends.

When they grew into large ducks the children's mother sold them, in the children's absence, to a distant friend, who expected almost at once to have a delicious meal of roast duck.

But it never happened, for before a week had passed both the birds, separated from their human friends, pined and died.

Glycerine, which is a by-product of soap manufacture, never freezes.

Here and There

The Telefunken Company of Berlin has received an order for a sending and receiving wireless high power station to be erected near Nagoya in Central Japan. This station is expected to be the largest high powered one in the world.

Ottawa—The popular bicycle is still holding its own against motor cycle and flivver. A report of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics shows that Canadian bicycle factories in 1925 increased their output by 19 per cent. over 1924. The five Canadian firms making these "wheels" are all in Ontario.

A decision was reached at a meeting of the Directors of the Bureaux of the Department of Railways, held recently, to undertake the construction of a submarine tunnel under the Shimonoseki-Moji Straits at an estimated cost of $10,000,000. This will connect the Main Island of Japan with Kyushu, the Southern Island.

Alberta has one of the most wonderful wild game hinterland in North America, according to Adolph Muller, of Norrisown, Pa., game commissioner of the State. He expressed this opinion after spending a month in the interior of the province, exploring and taking motion pictures, including some of caribou on the trek.

Two brothers, George and Edward Hume, of Manor, Saskatchewan, carried off the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Dominion Livestock Board awards in the recent pig clubs competition conducted by the Extension Department of the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon. Teams from all parts of Saskatchewan competed.

Fredericton, New Brunswick—A moose with antlers spreading 64 inches was shot in the New Brunswick woods by William Proudfoot of Dobbs' Ferry, New York, while a companion of his, F. C. Chesbrough, of New York City, brought down a lordly animal with an antler spread of 57 inches. Mr. Proudfoot's trophy creates a record for the season.

Vice-Admiral Sir Walter Cowan, K.C.B., of two visiting British cruisers to Philadelphia Navy Yards recently, was one of the most enthusiastic passengers on the Canadian Pacific's miniature train at Treasure Island, the C.P.R.'s exhibit at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. The Admiral thoroughly enjoyed the ten-minute "Transcontinental" journey from Quebec to Vancouver.

In an effort to increase the number of ducks and muskrats in the northern part of the Province of Manitoba, by providing additional sustenance, the Provincial Department of Agriculture has sent north sacks of wild rice to be sown by aeroplane over the vast duck marsh known as Moose and Cedar Lakes. This constitutes an area 20 miles wide and 90 miles long, and is the largest duck marsh and muskrat harborage on the continent.

An attempt is being made by the Canadian railroad companies to have the construction of baggage receptables standardized in order to facilitate its handling. A meeting between representatives of the railroad companies and of Canadian bagage manufacturers was called recently in Toronto by W. E. Allison, general baggage agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and it was generally conceded that minimum specifications for baggage construction should be adopted.

Reports of recklessness on the part of motorists continue to be received at the headquarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In the majority of cases the accidents are reported to have been the result of negligence on the part of the car owners. Two accidents at public crossings were reported recently; one near Wingham when a motor coupe ran into the side of a train which was proceeding slowly over a crossing. The second accident occurred when a truck was driven in front of a C.P.R. train at a crossing near Chatham. The train was backing over the crossing at three miles an hour. In each case crossing and engine signals were given.

Ladies Prefer Brunets.

That ladies prefer **brunets** was shown at Folkstone, where a **male** beauty contest was staged, with women as judges. The fifty competitors were fat, thin, old, young and middle aged. A tall, slender, dark and curly-haired example in the Grecian style, won first prize. Second was also dark. Only one competitor, a tall, splendidly built sergeant-major, carried a moustache. He was runner-up for third prize.

Nepal Banishes Slavery.

Liberation from slavery of 58,869 subjects has been completed by the Maharajah of Nepal, it is reported from Khatmandu. All these liberated subjects have been settled on farms. The wholesale emancipation was accomplished in fulfilment of a pledge made by the rajah in 1920.

Our Steam Railways.

Canada has 39,640 miles of steam railway, or one mile for every 219 persons.

Families in Italy.

There are 10,000 families in Italy with over ten children.

Making Good in Western Canada

1. Southern Alberta, where John Coerlitz settled. 2. Mary, who at the age of 12 years cared for a family of six. 3. Dave Krumm, Mary's husband. 4. Tom Coerlitz and the farm owned by Dave Krumm.

John Coerlitz was in the Russian Imperial Army when the Czar still ruled. He was a musician and a farmer and while he played in an orchestra he was happy and content. Later he went to his farm, a mountain retreat in the east of Russia near Seratta. The municipality was crowded, the land allotment small and profits the same. John Coerlitz was successful but not content.

There came a letter one day from his cousin who had come to Canada in 1900. It told of the vast stretches of prairie lands, of good jobs with high wages, and of how he had come to Canada not knowing a word of English yet had had no trouble in finding work.

"Why don't you come, John, and make money too, and get ahead in this new country," the letter urged. Coerlitz was single and inspired with new hope left Russia and joined his cousin. He did not buy land at once but went to work in the Canadian Pacific Railway's roundhouse and began to save. During this time he married one of his own country women and joined his cousin in Southern Alberta. Land was cheap and a good start was made. Naturally there were hard years at first; new land to break and a house and barn to save for. With thrift this was accomplished.

Five children were born to John Coerlitz and his wife, three boys and two girls. While the last was still a baby the mother died and John Coerlitz faced life with five motherless children in a new country. With courage characteristic of pioneers of the land, Mary, the oldest girl, but twelve years of age, stepped in and took charge of the household. They had a small organ which Coerlitz played and taught Mary to play.

Years passed. That is over eight years ago now. Mary is herself married to Dave Krumm, a prosperous son of a Russian pioneer who settled in the West 29 years ago.

Tom, John Coerlitz's eldest son, is interested in engines and recently bought a second had tractor and went to different farms to thresh. He intends to buy a grain separator, which with his engine, will complete his threshing outfit. He will likely pay for it with this year's wages.

John Coerlitz, the father, is proud of his family's achievements in Canada. He has a good farm all paid for and well stocked, and a fine car. And he has the assurance of a bright future for himself and his family who are growing to maturity with enterprise, intelligence and health as their priceless assets.

The Badness of Marta

By ELLA SAUNDERS

Copyright, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.

Ever since Sim had died of tuberculosis, two months before, Marta had been a changed woman, according to Bill Looks, her attendant. She moped and sulked, and snarled in a corner of her cage. But the climax came when she made a vicious attack upon young Jackson, who was learning the business, and had been intrusted with the cleaning out of Marta's ten feet by eight apartment.

Jackson, staggering back with a badly bruised face and a wrenched shoulder, went to Director Enderby, who came and looked at the snarling lady in yellow.

"That orang's got to be killed," was Enderby's verdict. "She's old and savage. It won't pay to keep her. Sooner or later she'll attack some one else.

Bill Looks was almost blubbering. "She's never attacked me, sir," he said. "Howdy, Marta, howdy!"

He stretched out his hand and Marta took it through the bars of her cage and shook it lugubriously.

"She may be all right with you," said Director Enderby, "but she's got to go. We've that new pair coming from Borneo any day, and we can't put them with her."

"She's pining for Sim, sir," volunteered Bill Look doggedly.

"I'll mix her up a dose of prussic acid with her mash tomorrow," answered Enderby.

He knew that Looks would refuse to administer it, and he passed it himself through the bars of Marta's cage. Marta looked at the savory mess, sniffed it, and held out two paws full of it to Bill inquiringly. The tears streamed down Bill's cheeks.

"No, old gal, I can't go back on you," he muttered.

Marta, watching his face, began dipping out the poisoned food and throwing it through the bars. Enderby looked on in consternation.

"I'll get my automatic," he said.

"Something kept him an hour or two. Marta, left alone, grew more and more uneasy. She knew that she was to be punished for her attack on Jackson; but what were these human beings contriving? Fear mastered her—that fear that inspires one to desperation.

And there was something else—some instinct that even Marta did not understand.

An ourang-utan's arms are almost as strong as a gorilla's. With one exercise of her strength Marta had bent apart two bars of her cage—she was through, out of the primates' house, and in the heart of an acre of woodland almost before she was missed. It was Jackson who caught sight of the yellow streak bounding across the open.

They located her at the top of a tall tree. They sent for Bill Looks. But Bill sullenly refused to lure her down.

"I'd rather lose my job," he said; and Enderby, who knew that Bill was his most valuable man, said nothing.

Food was strewn at the foot of the tree in which Marta had taken refuge, but she only chattered angrily from the summit and refused to descend. Toward evening Enderby lost patience.

"I'll get my rifle," he said. "Leave her there, Jackson; she won't stir till morning."

News of the escape was kept a secret from the public. The keepers retired. Only Bill Looks was worrying. Soon after midnight he crept out of his cottage and made his way to the tree.

"Marta, old gal, it wasn't me!" he pleaded. "I've tried to save you, Marta."

He was surprised that no answer came. Looking up, he could just distinguish the big ape resting in the tree tops. A movement of her arms attracted his notice. Then he understood. Following her instinct, Marta was building a home of branches.

Bill Looks turned away blubbering and went home. But at dawn he was at the foot of the tree again.

"Marta, old gal," he called softly, "they're going to croak you. I want you to understand it wasn't me, Marta."

Marta came slowly down the tree, carrying something. Bill Looks stared at her. In another moment he was running as fast as he could toward Mr. Enderby's cottage, resolved to put up such a plea as he had never made in his life before.

Mr. Enderby came out, sullen, angry, resentful and incredulous. He accompanied Bill Looks to the foot of the tree where Marta sat.

In her arms was a baby orang-utan, which she was fondling and pressing to her breast.

"Well, I'll be blowed," said Mr. Enderby.

He looked from Bill to the orang, and back at Bill again.

"Take your ape back to the cage," he said. "And have a steel support put in position, so that she won't break out again!"

Hand in hand the pair proceed back to the primates' house.

CANADA'S JUSTICE SURER.

Mr. Justice Riddell Contrasts Law Enforcement In Two Countries.

"The authors of a crime rarely escape in Canada," Mr. Justice W. R. Riddell, of the supreme Court of Ontario, declared in an interview given in New York, in which he contrasted conditions of law enforcement and observance in Canada and the United States.

Each province of the Dominion administers the criminal law for itself, although the law is the same in all provinces, he pointed out, drawing a picture of the Canadian attitude toward criminal prosecutions which contrasted vividly with the popular attitude in many parts of the United States.

"We are a poor and busy people," he said, "and have no time or money to waste on frills and sensation. We view a criminal prosecution as a solemn investigation by the State to determine whether the accused has been guilty of a crime against it. It is never a game at which the counsel for the crown and the newspapers get lots of interesting copy."

Accordingly trials in general are much more speedy in Canadian courts, he declared.

Politics plays a very small part in criminal prosecutions, as compared to conditions in the United States, his lordship went on.

"The prosecutor is appointed by the party in power," Justice Riddell said. "But he is not a political officer, takes no part in politics after his appointment and does not go out of office when his party is beaten. He represents 'the crown' that is to say, 'the people,' and his office affords no means for personal advancement. Financially it is not a rich plum, and many capable attorneys resign the office to return to private practice.

"No lawyer acquires a reputation by securing convictions or loses one by failing to do so. Any crown counsel who should in the heat of controversy endeavor to bring about a conviction by an appeal to the sentiment or prejudices of the jury or by unfair comment on the evidence would earn the reprobation of his fellows, if not a stern rebuke from the judge.

"I have never known it to take half an hour to obtain a jury. A unanimous verdict is required of the twelve jurors. If the yeas agree there is a new trial, just as in the United States. The judge can and generally does comment on the evidence, but he must make it clear to the jury that they must exercise their own judgment and that they are judges of the facts, not he. They must take the law from him, but not the facts."

KINGS AND COMMONERS.

King Glad He Doesn't Often Have to Wear His Working Clothes.

It is rather a curious anomaly that Socialists are among those who show the greatest personal appreciation of the Royal Family. "What I'd like to see," cried a very "Red" orator at an out-of-door meeting, "is no king at all—meaning no disrespect to the present King, of course, and willing to let him have his run out," says an Old Country paper. "Another Socialist has said the Prince of Wales recently and announced afterwards, with some surprise, that "'E was a very nice young fellow." . . . The Royal Family, on their side, show equal friendliness when the restrictions of office allow. The other day, at a public function, the King spoke to a Labor leader, who reminded him:

"Last time you saw me, sir, I was in my working clothes, making shell fuses."

The King smiled as he answered: "I am glad I do not often have to wear what some people regard as my working clothes — a crown and robes."

The smile was so friendly, and the day so sunny, that the Labor man responded:

"It would be a bit 'ot on a day like this, sir!"

The King laughed. Henry VIII. would have replied: "Off with his head!"

Speaking of Henry VIII. recalls one of the nicest stories of Arthur Bourchier when he was playing King Hal in Shakespeare's play.

The hall porter of White's Club (London) had a remarkable faculty for recognising people and remembering names, but Arthur Bouchier proved his Waterloo. Bouchier took such pains to present Henry VIII. in life-like form that he refused Clarkson's assistance, and grew a beard of his own. Then, one day, he walked into White's and inquired whether there were any letters for him.

"What name?" asked the porter, looking puzzled.

Bourchier carried on the joke and replied:

"Henry the Eighth!"

This completed the hall porter's bewilderment. Opening his book of reference, he went slowly down the list of H's. Finally, shutting the book with a snap, he observed:

"No longer a member!

NATURE'S TREE TINTS.

Science Is Changing Colors to Blue and Orange.

The old phrase, "dyed in the wool," will have to go. Modern science knows a better trick than that, and the new version is "dyed in the wood."

As the result of experiments by scientists, forest trees have undergone an amazing transformation, their native colors changing to gorgeous shades of lavender, yellow, blue, and orange. This change is nothing if not thorough—the whole wood of the tree, from the outer surface right to the very heart of the trunk, takes on the new hue, and it does it as it grows.

Men with a lifelong experience of forestry have been absolutely amazed by the experiments, and the opinion has been expressed that the discovery may revolutionize the world's hardwood-lumber industry.

The operation of dyeing the tree is a comparatively simple one, and all sorts of articles can be made from the colored wood. Among the already turned out are umbrella-handles, cigarette-cases, candlesticks, and buttons. They have only to be polished and, as the coloring has been seen to while the tree was still growing. And it is indelible. Water will not affect it.

Briefly, the dyeing process is as follows: Holes are bored in the trunk, and the dye is introduced through these. It flows down into the trunk, and is then taken all through the tree by the sap. In the case of a small tree, the whole of the wood is colored in two days, but four days are required for the process to be completed when larger trees are treated.

A tree dyed in this way would continue to grow if it were not cut down. For, though the artificial coloring appears to harden the wood, it neither kills not injures the tree

COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON

TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS FOR TAXES

County of Lennox and Addington,
TO WIT:

By virtue of a Warrant under the hand of the WARDEN and the seal of the County of Lennox and Addington bearing date the 29th day of July, A.D., 1926, and to me directed, commanding me to levy upon the Lands mentioned in the following list for the Arrears of Taxes due thereon and the Costs of Sale as therein set forth, I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that unless the said Arrears and Costs are sooner paid, I shall proceed to sell the said Lands, or so much thereof as may be necessary, for the aforesaid Arrears of Taxes and Costs at my office in the Court House, in the Town of Napanee by Public Auction on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of NOVEMBER, A.D., 1926, and the following day if necessary, beginning at the hour of TEN O'CLOCK in the forenoon and in compliance with the "Assessment Act."

W. J. SHANNON,
County Treasurer of Lennox and Addington.

County Treasurer's Office, Court House, Napanee, July 29th, 1926.

TOWNSHIP OF DENBIGH

Owner or Party Assessed	Lot	Con.	Acres	Years	Arrears	Costs	Total
Caldwell Estate	8	E.R.	100	1922-25	$19.38	$2.74	$22.12
Ruth Snider	4 & 5	5	200	1922-3-4-5	129.36	5.99	135.35

TOWNSHIP OF ABINGER

Deseronto Land Co	2	W.R.	100	1923-4-5	25.56	2.89	28.45
S. S. Chuthom	1, 2, 3	4	200	1923	12.71	3.07	15.78
Hugo Brown	3 & 4	9	200	1923-4-5	87.65	4.70	92.35
John Flake	9 & 10	13	200				
	17	14	100				
	15	15	100	1922-3-4	104.58	5.62	110.20
C. M. Clark	1	15	100	1921 (to 5	44.22	3.16	47.38
William Holmes	17 & 18	15	200	1922-3-4-5	77.74	4.45	82.19

TOWNSHIP OF KALADAR

G. A. MacGillivray	E ½ 6	1	100	1922-3-4-5	20.68	2.77	23.45
Shirley Hanes	12 & 13	2	400	1923-4-5	43.26	3.59	46.85
T. L. Kipp	E ½ 9	5	128½	1923-4-5	21.41	2.79	24.20
Joseph Grey		6	70	1922-25	7.46	2.50	9.96
W. J. and Mary Foster	Pt 10	7	8½	1923	3.10	2.50	5.60
Joseph Grey	10	8	188	1922-25	24.90	2.88	27.78
J. H. MacDonald	Pt 27	8	1	1922-25	21.17	2.78	23.95
Marshal Presley	E ½ 26	8					
	E ½ 27	8					
	N ½ 26	9	250	1921	54.44	4.12	58.56
George Garry	E ½ 27	9	100	1921-2-3	25.26	2.89	28.15
Noah Kimmerly	E ½ 26	9					
	Pt 25	10	125	1921	39.13	3.48	42.61
William Woodcock	N ½ 10	10					
	S ½ 11	10	100	1922	12.58	2.82	15.40
Electa Thompson	6	11	200	1923-4-5	31.01	3.03	34.04
Deseronto Land Co	N ½ 2	8	80	1923-4	4.73	2.50	7.23

TOWNSHIP OF ANGLESEA

Mary Spencer	12	R.A.	100	1922-23	38.81	3.23	42.04
Dole Cummings	22 & 23	R.A.	200	1922-25	50.15	3.76	53.91
Boonie Hawley	26	R.A.	100	1923	4.00	2.50	6.50
Deseronto Land Co	37	R.A.	100	1923-4-5	15.26	2.64	17.90
George McGarvey	7	6	100	1922	10.26	2.51	12.77
Excelsior Life	29	8	100	1923-4-5	7.99	2.50	10.49
Walter Burch	Pt 6	10	2	1923-5	2.77	2.50	5.27
Fred Sir a	Pt 6	10	2	1923	1.61	2.50	4.11
Sidney Ballard	Pt 5	10	1	1923-25	5.73	2.50	8.23
Excelsior Life	E ½ 32	17	100	1923-4-5	7.99	2.50	10.49

TOWNSHIP OF EFFINGHAM

F. W. Griffith	Point In Wes-lemoon Lake	16	5	1922-23	173.79	6.60	180.39
William Hartwig	do	16	3¼	1922	50.34	3.51	53.85

TOWNSHIP OF SHEFFIELD

Charles LaBarge	N ½ 29	1	100				
	S ½ 30	1	100	1922	14.70	2.87	17.57
Orange Clark	N ½ 14	6	100	1923	19.48	2.99	22.47
Ruth P. McKim	Pt of the E. pt of lot 4, Village lot 16, Ballen-trae		¼ ac	1922-3-4-5	4.05	2.50	6.55
J. A. Seybold et al	N ½ 5	14	100	1923-4-5	67.29	3.94	71.23
Fred Hawley	E ½ 9	14					
	N ½ 10	14	200	1922-4-5	21.74	3.05	24.79
Deseronto Land Co	24	15	198	1923-4-5	18.14	2.71	20.85

VILLAGE OF ERINSVILLE

S. E. Side Tullow St	1	4	¼ ac	1922-3-4-5	1.43	2.50	3.93
E. Side Ottawa St. S	1	4	¼ ac	1922-3-4-5	2.07	2.50	4.57
E. Side Ottawa St. South	2	4	¼ ac	1922-3-4-5	2.67	2.50	5.17

TOWNSHIP OF ERNESTTOWN

Emma Galloway	Pt 30	1	¾ ac	1922-3-4-5	63.72	3.85	67.57
A. D. VanSlyck	Pt 5	3	5 ac	1922-3-4-5	42.82	3.33	46.15

VILLAGE OF BATH

House of Providence	Pt lots 7 & 1 south of Queen and west of Church St. (Meacham's Atlas)			1923-4-5	31.14	3.03	34.17

VILLAGE OF NEWBURGH

Hazard Bristol	Lot 6, Con. 2 corner of North & Brock		1/5 ac	1922-3-4-5	5.94	2.50	8.44

N.B.—The above List of Lands are all Patented.

W. C. LOYST, Warden.

W. J. SHANNON, County Treasurer.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils.

Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,

Next to Oaten's.

Dutch Bulbs

—Tulips
—Darwin Tulips
—Hyacinths
—Daffodils
—Narcissi
—Crocus
—Chinese Lilies

GEO. E. WINTER,

Seed Store

Dundas St. Phone 78.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST

John St.

(One door south of Express Office.)

Everything clean and sanitary.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

We carry a full line of pipes, cigarettes and tobacco. Our prices are right

Bring your films to us. 25 years experience at developing and printing. Enlargements made on short notice. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

F. C. MARTIN & SON

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

Ambulance Service in Connection

Prompt attention to night or day calls.

Office Telephone No. 74.

Residence Telephone No. 375

An automatic lowering device with green grass grave lining, and earth covering, have been recently added to the equipment. This is one of the most up-to-date equipments that can be purchased.

Successors to Hambly & Ming.

24-6m

CORNS

end the pain quickly, *safely*

In one minute you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end the misery of corns by eliminating the cause, *friction-pressure*. No danger of infection from cutting or corrosive acids.

Zino-pads are *thin*; antiseptic, waterproof. They protect while they heal. Also for corns, callouses and bunions. Call today and get a box of this new, magic corn treatment.

***Dr Scholl's* Zino-pads**

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

The Haines Shoe Houses

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE,

The Great English Preparation, Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

23-1-y

GET IT AT

WALLACE'S

Dr. White

Late SOPER & WHITE

2 Toronto St., Toronto

Specialist on Chronic and Blood Diseases

If unable to call send history

48-1

Liberal committee rooms have been opened in the I.O.O.F. block.

Mr. Jas. Watson will take over the Central Garage, Yarker, on January 1st, 1927.

At a recent meeting of the directors of the Kingston Fair, it was decided to pay the prize money in full.

Mr. Geo. T. Walters has been appointed Returning Officer for Frontenac-Lennox in the coming Provincial Election.

Dr. Montgomery, Smith's Falls, has taken over the practice of Dr. Atchesson, at Yarker, who goes to New York to take a post graduate course.

At the opening game of the inter-church softball league in the Armouries on Tuesday evening of last week, St. Mary's team defeated Grace church easily with a score of 32-12.

Martha Emily Vanluven, widow of the late Peter VanLuven, Yarker, died on Friday last at the home of her daughter, Mrs. M. C. Dunn, Brockville. The remains were brought to Yarker for interment.

Mr. Isdell Wagar had some sport while trolling down the river last week. He hooked a masco, and after about one half hours fight he landed him and when weighed he tipped the scales at 32 pounds.

The Adolphustown Women's Institute will meet at the home of Mrs. Wilkie Cousins on Wednesday, November 10th, at 2.30 p.m. Roll Call: "Ideas for an Inexpensive Christmas Gift." Report of Ottawa Convention will also be given. A good attendance is desired.

On Wednesday evening the Young People of Trinity United Church put on the play, "Daddy Longlegs," a four act comedy, to a crowded audience. Every character was well portrayed, and showed excellent training and much ability by the actors. The play was repeated on Thursday evening.

The Golf Club masquerade dance in the Armouries on Monday evening drew a large crowd. Many handsome and unique costumes were worn by the dancers. The judges awarded the prizes for ladies to Miss Ruth Graham and Mrs. Beattie, and for the gentlemen, to Mr. Murray and a gentleman from Enterprise.

A birthday party was given to Bobby Munroe, Charles Street, Belleville, in honor of his third birthday, at the home of Norman O'Neil, Gesport. The little guests were Kenneth Sexsmith, Grant Sexsmith, Billy O'Neil, Freddie O'Neil, Douglas Robertson and Norman O'Neil, Jr. Bobby took great pleasure in cutting the cake and a merry hour was enjoyed by all. Belleville papers please copy.

In a statement to the press, Rev. Dr. S. W. Dyde, acting principal of Queen's Theological College, says: "I do not wish to be understood as commenting on Mr. Ferguson's whole policy regarding the O.T.A., but I do wish to call attention to an inconsistency regarding local option. One of Ferguson's objections to the O.T.A. is that liquor cannot be kept out of Ontario. How does he expect in these days of the auto, to keep liquor out of an area much smaller that Ontario? The local option feature of his policy is bound to be a joker. It looks like a sprat to catch the 'drys.'"

Ellwood Fisher, the eighteen-year-old son of a Moscow merchant, was rather severely injured in an automobile accident in that village on Wednesday, when the Ford truck which he was driving, crashed into a horse which was crossing the road. The young man had just started for the station in the truck, when the accident happened. One of the horses legs were broken and the front of the car was smashed. The driver was taken to his home, where he received medical attention, and it has been found that his nose is not broken as was at first thought. He will be out in a few days.

HOSPITALITY IN THE CONGO.

Canadian Author Declines to Dine on Stewed Boa-Constrictor and Rice.

How would you like to get an invitation to a banquet, the principal item on the menu being—stewed snake? Quite so. Everybody suits their own taste in the matter of good food. Thomas H. Griffiths, Canadian author, tells a story of an invitation he received to a real African dinner, the viands being stewed boa-constrictor and rice. Mr. Griffiths says:

I was in Chequate in the Congo Free State at the time. One day the headman over the Kroo-boys came running to me with the news that a big snake was coiled around a goat. Getting a rifle I followed the headman along the bush path to the scene of the satastrophe. Presently, we came to one of those clearings which occur at intervals, in the tall jungle grass. There in the centre of the opening, a boa-constrictor—eighteen feet two inches it measured, I ascertained later — was coiled around a hapless goat. At a safe distance, a crowd of natives were whooping and brandishing their machetes ready to venture too close.

A bullet from the rifle struck the big snake close to its head, but it didn't kill it. Hissing, it began to uncoil, and as it did so the natives rushed in and despatched it with their machetes. As far as I was concerned, after measuring the snake, the episode ended. But that night the headman approached me as I sat on the verandah of the shimbeck. "You have eaten fat, Massa Griffiths?" he asked, which being interpreted means, had I dined.

"No," I told him. "Why?"

"That be good," said he. "You savvy dem snake we go eat him, he make fine chop. You come along an' fill all same as black man. Him snake he be all same as pork."

Needless to say I declined the invitation to eat snake, much to the regret of the headman, who no doubt knew what a treat I was missing.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Miss Dunbar is spending the week with friends in Kingston.

Mrs. Amos Kimmerly is visiting friends in Hamilton.

Mr. Don Scott spent the week-end in Toronto attending the Radio Show.

Mr. and Mrs. John Monroe, of Belleville, are spending the week at Norman O'Neil's, Gesport.

Miss Lulu O'Neil has returned to Syracuse after spending several weeks at her home in Gesport.

Mrs. Fred King spent last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herb. McCabe, Consecon.

Mr. Rixen, of the Bank of Montreal staff, is on a hunting trip to Espanola, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Adams, Vancouver, B.C., are in Napanee for a short time.

Mrs. Challis, Winchester, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Gibbard.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Ostrom, Toronto, were in Napanee last week attending the funeral of the late Mrs. Casey.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Elliott, South Napanee, spent the week-end in Toronto with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith.

Mr. Byron Demorest has returned from a two months visit to Western Canada.

Mr. Byrod Young, Sudbury, was in Napanee last week attending the funeral of his sister, the late Mrs. Fields.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Bradley left on Monday for Chicago, where Mr. Bradley will undergo an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Connolly, Montreal, spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. A. W. Benjamin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McNeil, of Calgary, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Snider, Odessa, a few days last week on their way to spend the winter in France.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Gould returned on Monday night from a two weeks trip west, visiting friends in Petrolia, Sarnia and Buffalo, N.Y.

Mrs. E. E. Freshman has returned from her trip to Buffalo, N.Y., where she had a most enjoyable visit with her friends, the onl yregret was the two weeks she planned passed too quickly.

DEATHS

Casey—At Napanee, Esther Boyd Casey, widow of the late Col. Gilbert Casey, of Adolphustown. Born 21st April, 1836, died 28th Oct., 1926.

Davern—At Adolphustown, on Thursday, Oct. 28th, 1926, Mrs. Daniel Davern, aged 81 years.

Jemmett—At Kingston General Hospital, on Sunday, Oct. 30th, 1926, Mrs. Jemmett, of Napanee.

VanLuven—At Brockville, on Friday, October 29th, 1926, Martha Emily VanLuven, wife of the late Peter VanLuven, Yarker, in her 89th year.

BASQUES A SHY RACE.

Are Essentially a Race of Nomads, Says Writer.

The Basques, dwelling partly in the southwest corner of France, but mostly in the north of Spain, adjoining the Pyrenees, might well be one of the lost tribes of Israel for all that is known about their origin.

Some authorities trace them to ancient Egypt, others claim that they have an affinity with the Japanese, still others think of them as being survivors from the lost continent of Atlantis. Their language, like themselves, is mysterious, hard to learn, and (it must be admitted) of little use when it has been learned. Some of the words are distinctly reminiscent of Japanese, others of Berber, others of no language that is known.

It seems clear that the Basques, like the gypsies, are essentially a race of nomads, for nowhere have they houses any foundations. The walls are erected on the surface of the soil or at most a few inches below. But as the oldest Basque houses date back only three centuries, this does not help much with regard to their far-distant origin.

As a race they are proud and rather dour. In religion they are, so far as the heart of the country is concerned, fanatics—distrustful of any one who is not Basque, and disinclined to mix with their "foreign" neighbors. One young Basque girl who wished to marry a Frenchman was threatened by her father with death if she persisted in breaking with the tradition that Basque mates only with Basque.

Truly a strange race. Coming nobody knows whence, going nobody can guess whither, the Basque presents the eternal problem of the nomad's value to civilization. Perhaps in the depths of his being he carries forward the chain of aeon-old traditions which, ignored by this twentieth century, may be revealed to our children's children's children.

Gauls Made Soap.

Soap was made by the Gauls over 2,000 years ago. They made it of goat's fat and the ashes of beech trees.

Romance of Gwalior.

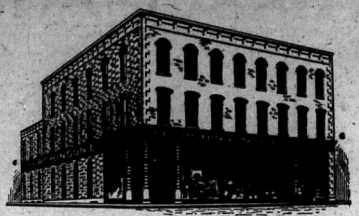
The native state of Gwalior, which the prince of Wales has just visited, was founded a century and a half ago by a daring adventurer, Ranoji Sindhia, whose exploits recall those of the condottiere of medieval Italy. The son of a village headsman Sindhia, saw something of court life in the humble capacity of a slipper bearer to Beloji Peshwa, and by sheer skill and audacity carved out for himself a kingdom and established a dynasty which still rules—and rules exceedingly well —over a state as large as Scotland. One of Sindhia's chief captains was an Italian named Filore, whose descendants have held high office in Gwalior ever since, the present head of the family being the chief secretary, the veteran Sir Michael Filore.

CALL VANLUVEN—92.

For your coke. It's Solvay—the better coke.

ROBINSON'S MONTH IN NAPANEE BEGINS WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 3rd

Celebrating 39 Years of Faithful Service



An excellent program of startling values conspicuously priced has been arranged for the month

Winter is fast on the way. November is the month when most families buy heavier and warmer wearing apparel, when most people change from silk or cotton to all wool, when housekeepers replace cotton and linen bedding with blankets of heavier and warmer construction. Robinson's November stocks are now ready. Every department is featuring extensive and varied assortments. Thousands of dollars' worth of dependable merchandise is at your disposal. Seasonable goods, staple goods, desirable goods, worthy goods. Substantial commodities from two continents gathered together as the result of months of planning, and offered now at prices that register decisive and generous savings for every purchaser. Value is the keynote for our November business. Sterling value. Easily recognized value. Merchandise of standard qualities can be chosen at Robinson's for less than established prices, because we purchased them for less.

An excellent program of timely values has been arranged for business throughout the month. This advertisement tells you about the Specials, up to and including November 10th. Other specials equally as advantageous from a money saving viewpoint, will be advertised each week, throughout the month, in our Local papers.

READ THEM CAREFULLY. COME AND SHARE.

On Monday, November 8th, [Thanksgiving Day] Our Store will be Closed.

Three Great Specials For Wednesday and Thursday, November 3rd and 4th

SPECIAL No. 1

60 PIECES OF HIGH GRADE CHEF'S OWN ALUMINUM

PRICES UP TO $1.59, SALE PRICE 99 CENTS EACH

Chef's Own is a very heavy grade Aluminum and comes fully guaranteed. This 60-piece assortment includes Tea-Kettles, Tea-pots, Potato Pots, Saucepans, Cake setts, Double Boilers, Cookers, Preserving Kettles and many other useful pieces.

Remember, sale price is for two days only. Choose one or as many pieces as you require. See window display.

SPECIAL No. 2

300 YARDS OF REGULAR 30 CENT FLANNELETTE, ON SALE AT 22 CENTS PER YARD

This white Flannelette is 34 inches wide and possesses a firm, nicely napped surface. It is a cloth that will give excellent service. Our quantity is limited to 300 yards—hence we are placing a limit of ten yards to any customer.

See window display on Wednesday and Thursday.

SPECIAL No. 3

25 HAND PICKED VELVET HATS TO BE CLEARED AT $3.95 EACH REGULAR TO $5.50 VALUES

These are all new Winter creations, expressing the last word in styles, colors, materials and trimmings. These are the hats that you'll be choosing later for wear with winter coats. Choose them Wednesday and Thursday, November 3rd and 4th, at reduced prices and save money.

Three Great Specials For Friday and Saturday, November 5th and 6th

SPECIAL No. 1

MEN'S AND BOYS' SWEATERS AND SWEATER COATS LESS 20 PER CENT

In a very wide variety of colors, weaves and weights. Predominating colors are Plain Camel, Plain Maroon, Plain Browns and Green Heather. Complete assortment of sizes. Your choice from this splendid collection at a reduction of 20 per cent.

SPECIAL No. 2

40 FLANNEL DRESSES, REGULAR $5.95 TO $7.95 VALUES

ON SALE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AT $5.00 EACH

These dresses incorporate all the style features of a colorful season. One-piece effects, two-piece effects, two-toned combinations, vivid colorings, high neck closings, convertible collars, kick pleats, pleated panels, long sleeves.

Your own most appropriate style in your own most becoming color can be readily chosen.

Flannels come in twill finishes, stripes, plaids and combinations.

The range of colors as as varied as the range of styles.

SPECIAL No. 3

KNITTING YARNS, REGULAR 35 CENTS BALL, ON SALE, 5 BALLS FOR $1.00

Corticelli Silk mixture knitting wools in 1 oz. balls, suitable for all kinds of children's wear, scarfs and sweaters. Can be chosen in colors of Platinum, Matrix, Poppy, Camel, Primrose, Canna.

On sale Friday and Saturday only, November 5th and 6th.

Three Out-standing Specials on Sale Tuesday and Wednesday, November 9th and 10th

SPECIAL No. 1

MEN'S AND BOYS' OVERCOATS AT 10 PER CENT. REDUCTION

That means every Coat in the store, and we never had as splendid an assortment. Dependable materials—dependable trimmings—perfect fit—up-to-date models.

Every man's—every young man's—every boys' Overcoat is in this sale. Three days only at special discount of ten per cent.

SPECIAL No. 2

SELECT RANGE OF WOOL FABRICS, REGULAR $2.00 TO $3.75 PER YARD VALUES

ON SALE AT 95 CENTS PER YARD

Featuring for your selection, Plain Wool Crepe, Check Wool Crepe, Wool Armure Pisette, Novelty Crepe, Wool Serge and Check Suitings. An examination of the quality of these materials will convince you that this special is unsurpassable. The color list is not complete in every weave, but the assortment is wonderfully rich in variety and value.

SPECIAL No. 3

DRAPERY SPECIAL—MATERIALS WORTH REGULARLY UP TO $1.50, ON SALE AT 69 CENTS PER YARD

The materials offered here are particularly desirable for over-drapes at windows. The lot consists of—31 inch striped, hand blocked Chintz, regularly $1.25 per yard—Taffeta stripes, regularly 95 cents per yard—Bronze Madras, 50 inches wide, regularly $1.00 per yard—Rose Madras, 45 inches wide, regularly $1.00, as well as several other equally as desirable materials, well suited to the modern window. For two days only—while they last, 69c. per yard.

Quality, Service Value.

THE ROBINSON CO.

LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.